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No. 26

## THE KING OF THE DAY.

BY WM. MACINTOSH.

Hail great king, hail on this thy natal day  
So wondrous great there is no king beside.  
Inspire the world to turn from care away,  
And welcome mirth at every Christmas tide.

Yea more than Bethlehem shepherds sound  
Hosannas to thy glory and thy name,  
For brighter all the vast creation round,  
Still gleams thy star of ever matchless fame.

Joy finds an anchor in the breast this morn,  
And well presides at every festive board,  
Since He the best and greatest gift is born  
Who gave himself for Paradise restored.

So ne'er, forget the season's spirit true  
Where'er you feast as plenty's guests to day,  
The Saviour came with nobler end in view,  
To feed the soul more than the dying clay.

## OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S  
MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A  
SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

### CHAPTER XXXII—(CONTINUED.)

BUT more often he was able to return to the hut at night, to find a comfortable supper awaiting him, and the sweetest and warmest welcome from his little child-love. It was a charming sight to see her perched on a high, empty box at the head of the table, and spilling the coffee which she always insisted upon pouring out for Mr. Dick. After supper was over Heriot would sit beside the log fire, and Lily would nestle at his feet, always declining to go to bed until she had got a song or story.

The two hands were decent fellows, and had been early won over by Heriot's firm, but kindly manner. Sally was an excellent cook, and devoted to him; and Heriot would have been perfectly happy but for the love which still burnt as ardently in his heart as if he had not made his great sacrifice.

A week passed, and Heriot, as he was starting for his daily round, asked of Lily suggestively whether she would not like to go home; but the child, as she stood beside the stirrup, fingering the buttons on his gaiters, smiled and shook her head, and Heriot, lifting her for the kiss, without which he never left her or returned to her, laughingly told her to run back into the house, and rode away.

He was rather late in coming back that evening, and he had had rather a worrying day. There had been a kind of oppression in the air which had given him, to his unbounded surprise, something that was like a lady's headache. There was a queer pain above his eyes, and a humming in his brain; he also felt slightly sick. As he got off the horse he turned giddy, and had to lay his hand upon the rough pine stem of the porch to keep himself upright. He wondered what was the matter with him. If he had been acquainted with valley fever he would have known.

He went into the hut in a dazed sort of fashion and looked round instinctively for Lily. She was not there. He sank into a chair and shivered a little as if with cold, though a few minutes ago he had been burning hot.

Sally entered the room, and at the sight of him uttered an exclamation.

"You're queer, Mas'r Dick?" she said, staring at him.

Like all strong men, Heriot hated to own himself ill.

"I've got a cold," he said, indifferently.

"Where's Miss Lily?"

"Why, ain't she with you, Mas'r Dick?"

said the woman. "She went down towards the wood to meet you more'n 'arf-an-hour ago."

Heriot rose to his feet unsteadily.

"I've not seen her," he said, apprehensively. "Why did you let her go in the dark? And that wood, too!"

"It war'n dark then," said Sally; "an' she begged so hard to let her go. She'd got a cake she'd made for you—"

Heriot waited for no more, but picked up his hat.

"Are the men here," he asked.

Sally shook her head, and looked frightened.

Heriot caught up a flaming stick from the hearth and made for the door.

Sally tried to stop him with a prayer that he would take something for the fever before he went, but Heriot shook her hand off.

"Go to the back of the house and call for her; shout as loud as you can. If the men come back tell them to search the woods, one to the right, one to the left."

He staggered out blindly, for the fever had got well hold of him, but in his anxiety he shook it off, as he had shaken off Sally's hand, and pulling himself together, dived into the wood, shouting the child's name, and waving the flaming torch.

The wood was dense and pitch dark, the cleverest child could easily lose its way in it. He pictured Lily wandering about in the darkness amongst the great, ghostly trunks, terrified to death by the solitude, and every sound of bird and beast. The mental vision almost drove him mad. In the centre of the wood was one of those precipitous clefts which were peculiar to the place. She might fall over into the torrent and be dashed to pieces against the boulders over which the water roared as it tumbled.

He thought of the mother down at the farm; he fancied that every mound of moss upon which the torchlight fell was the child, dead with fright. He shouted until he was hoarse, and his voice no longer carried a couple of yards; the sparks from his torch as it knocked against the trunks of the overhanging branches of trees fell in a shower above him, startling the birds from their sleep, and sending the wild cats screeching up the boles.

He came to the torrent. The stars shed a soft light here, and he knelt down beside the water and scanned every boulder and rock in the stream, dreading lest he should see the childish form caught midway. He did not know where to turn, the torch was expiring, his voice was now almost completely gone. Heriot was not a religious man, had been a wild and a foolish one, but, as he stood bareheaded, with eyes upturned, in an agony to the skies, a wordless prayer, and anguished entreaty to the God of little children, burst from his breaking heart.

As if the prayer had received an instant answer, he heard a faint cry to the left of him. He blew the torch into a flame, and dashed off in the direction of the sound. The undergrowth was thick just here, and he stumbled and fell more times than he knew; but, though his hands and face were torn, he managed to keep the torch upraised, and presently, with a sense of gratitude and thanksgiving, which no words could express, he saw the glimmer of the little lilac frock which Lily wore.

She was crouching at the foot of a huge tree; her pretty little face white as death, her blue eyes distended with fear. A bramble had scratched her forehead, and the blood trickled down her cheek. Heriot was about to spring upon her and clutch her to his heart, as one clutches a recovered treasure; but he was mindful, even at that moment, of not startling her, and, holding himself in hand, he answered

up as leisurely as he could, and controlling his voice to a casual tone, said—

"I've found you at last, Lily; it's been a capital game of hide and seek, hasn't it?" She ran to him with a cry that almost brought the tears to his eyes, and caught up to his breast, sobbed her fear away.

"What made you come all this way, Lily?" he asked. "You lost yourself, I suppose?"

"No," she sobbed. "I saw the wagon, and went to meet it; I thought it might be mamma come to fetch me."

"The wagon?" Heriot put his hand to his head, and looked round, and listened confusedly. "I saw no wagon."

"Yes," she said. "There was one. It was coming round the hill; I saw it in the starlight; and they've got a lantern; but I lost it behind the trees, and then I didn't know where I was, and when I tried to go back the nasty bushes caught me and held me. And then I called out but nobody heard me; and a great big bird flew right into my face and tried to peck at my eyes; and ugly ghosts,"—she shuddered and burrowed still closer into his breast—"came out from between the trees, and laughed at me."

"It was only the cats," said Heriot, hoarsely. "There aren't any ghosts really, Lily; and if there were, don't you know, they wouldn't hurt my little girl."

"Perhaps they wouldn't," she said. "But I'd rather you were with me when they come."

"Well, I'm with you now," said Heriot; "and you're all safe, eh? Shut your eyes, and try and think you're lying before the fire. I'd sing to you, if I could, but I've got a fool of a cold and lost my voice."

He wiped the little stream of blood from her face, and made her as comfortable in his arms as he could; but the light weight seemed like lead; the humming in his brain had grown into a roar like that of the torrent; his eyes burned like coals. He set his teeth, and struggled on; but it seemed years before the light from the open hut door shone between the trees.

As he reached the threshold, he saw a wagon coming round the bend. He glanced at it, over his shoulder, scarcely realizing its presence, and entered the hut. Sally ran in, a moment afterwards, with a scream of relief and delight at the sight of Heriot in his chair with the child in his arms.

"You've found her, Mas'r Dick," she exclaimed. "Is she hurt? Give her to me!"

"She's not hurt; she's all right. Let her stay," he said, as Lily clung to him. "You'll go to sleep now, Lily, and I'll carry you up to bed. Warm her some milk," he added, to Sally.

Sally got the milk, and, as she put it on the fire, motioned to Heriot to bend forward.

"There's a wagon coming up the hill, Mas'r Dick," she said. "One o' the hands met it at Cross Tree Point, an' he rode up to tell us. It's two gen'lemen from Monty Viddy." She meant Monte Video. "One o' 'em's a English gen'leman, an' he's come a travelling ter see the land. He's a mighty fine gen'leman, Pete, says; an' they're wantin' a night's lodgin'."

Heriot tried to take in the sense of what she was saying, but her voice seemed to come from a distance, and the room appeared full of mist. The roaring of the cataract was in his ears, his eyes were aflame; but he managed to hold the cup to Lily's lips, and, as he dropped back in the chair, held her tightly, yet gently, to him.

She fell asleep in a very few minutes; but Heriot could not rise, and he would not resign her to the woman. The child had grown a thousand times more precious to him since he had lost and found her.

He closed his eyes in a dreamy kind of stupor.

He was back again in England. He was riding beside Eva across the London common. He could see her face quite plainly—could hear the music of her voice. He was in the drawing-room at Lady Sea-mount's; the perfume of the exotics wafted across the face. He was at White Cot, with Eva still before him; her lovely eyes bent upon him with an infinite pity, an infinite tenderness. He was walking beside Ralph Forster across the moor at Averleigh, with the light of White Cot shining in the hollow.

It was a vision so clear, so distinct, that the present vanished, and the past alone was real. Something of the exquisite pleasure and pain which this vision brought to his heart must have been visible in his face, for Sally stood and gazed at him with something 'twixt awe and fear.

Suddenly, there came a barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, a stir and bustle which always, in these lonely parts, accompanied an arrival or departure. Heriot only heard it vaguely athwart his dreams, and he did not move, or open his eyes, as Sally hurried to the door and threw it open.

Two gentlemen stood on the threshold. One of them was wrapped in a fur coat, above the upturned collar of which his pale face and shifty blue eyes looked strangely out of place in this land of tanned and roughened skins.

His companion, a short man, with a little dry and weary manner which stamped him "official," raised his hat, as if Sally were a duchess standing at the head of the stairs in a London ball room to receive her guests.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said. "But we—my friend and I—have lost—er—our track. We were directed by—er—one of your men to this place. I do not know whether we shall be giving you too much trouble, but we shall be truly thankful if you can afford us—er—shelter for the night."

Sally stared at them with open eyes, and looked from Heriot to them in a vague and helpless way. Heriot's head had fallen upon his bosom, and his hair was mingled with Lily's brown locks. The fire had dwindled, the room was in semi-darkness. As Heriot made no sign, Sally stood aside, and the two gentlemen entered. The official—the spokesman—looked round keenly, the other gentleman only superciliously.

The official, addressing Heriot, and as if he were reading a report, said—

"I hope you will excuse this intrusion, my dear sir, but we have lost our way. Our horses are too tired to—er—go any further to-night, and, if you can give us a night's lodging, we shall be extremely obliged."

He paused, expecting an answer; but none came. Heriot was still in the land of dreams.

The official coughed discreetly. "My friend is a commissioner from England—er; he is making inquiries as to the resources of—er—this district. We have traveled a considerable distance, and—er—are extremely weary."

As the figure in the chair remained perfectly statuesque, and did not respond, the official looked at his friend, and, shrugging his shoulders significantly, murmured—

"Asleep or drunk!"

"Tell him we'll pay for what we have," said the other gentleman, speaking for the first time, and speaking in a sneering, cynical tone.

At the sound of the voice Heriot started as if someone had struck him. He raised his head, and gazed half blindly, like a



dazed man, towards the two figures; then he rose, with the child in his arms, and confronted them.

As he did so, Sally stirred the embers into a blaze. The light fell upon the face of the man who had just spoken, and Heriot saw it.

He clutched the child tightly, then held her out towards the woman.

"Take her!" he said, hoarsely; then he staggered forward, and seized the lapels of the fur coat, and swaying to and fro, like a drunken man, bent forward, as if he were trying to convince himself of the identity of the man he held.

"Stannard Marshbank!" his parched lips formed inaudibly, and he fell to the floor.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

As Heriot fell to the ground, the fire flickered up and fell upon his upturned face.

Stannard Marshbank looked down upon him with amazed incredulity. He could not believe his own eyes. He was too astonished to move or speak.

Sally ran forward, with the child still in her arms, and a cry of apprehension on her lips.

"Oh, is he dead—is Mac's Dick dead?" she wailed.

Lily woke, and, with a cry of terror, struggled from Sally's arms, and threw herself upon Heriot's breast.

The official and the hand, Pete, knelt down beside him.

"Is he dead?" demanded Stannard, huskily, his hands were trembling, his face white. The room seemed spinning round him.

"No, he is not dead," said the official; "but he is very bad. I know this fever; I've had it myself. This man has been fighting against it for some time evidently. The thing to do is to get him to bed."

Stannard would have offered to help, but his knees trembled under him, and he watched, with still dazed eyes, as the official and Pete carried Heriot up to his room, and Sally and the child following.

The official sent Sally down again for some brandy, and he and Pete got Heriot into bed. Stannard crept up the stairs, and stood looking down at the unconscious man.

"We must send for a doctor," he said, huskily, feeling that he must say something.

The official shook his head, and smiled grimly.

"Long before we could get a doctor here," he said, "he would be better, or beyond the aid of medicine. What a splendid fellow," he added. "An Englishman, too! By-the-way, he seemed to know you, or was it only in his delirium?"

Stannard Marshbank was saved from the necessity of replying by the entrance of Sally with the brandy.

"We must try and pull him round," said the official; "and then I must dose him with quinine. I've got some in my portmanteau, fortunately."

He succeeded in forcing a little weak brandy and water through the clenched and livid lips, but Heriot declined to come round. The strain which he had endured for so many hours had snapped, and let him drop into the Shadow of Death itself.

The two men and Sally watched beside him. Lily had cried herself to sleep in her own little cot. At last Stannard said:

"It's no use our all sitting up. You two had better get some rest. I'll watch until the morning, then you can take my place."

The official was rather surprised, for Mr. Stannard Marshbank had not displayed any conspicuous unselfishness during the journey; but there was common sense in the suggestion, and, after lingering awhile, he and Sally left Stannard to watch, on the understanding that, if the stricken man came to, Stannard should call his companions.

Stannard sat on an upturned box beside the bed, and gazed at the flushed face. He had scarcely yet realized the fact of this strange meeting, or that this man, lying sick unto death, was, in very truth, Heriot Fayne, his rival and cousin.

But, after a time, he began to take in the situation. If Heriot should die, how easy everything would be!

He would be pronounced by all the world guilty of the murder of Ralph Foster. The crime would soon be forgotten, or, if it were not forgotten, no suspicion would be directed to the real criminal. He, Stannard, would be safe! More than that, if Heriot should die, Stannard would come into the title.

His heart beat fast, a dusky flush came upon his pale face. If the man would only die!

Towards morning Heriot became delirious, and raved, not loudly, but in subdued tones, of Eva, of Grace, of Stannard himself, of the good ship Mary Ann, and of Lily.

But Eva's name was the one he pronounced most frequently, and every time he heard it Stannard's heart stirred with hatred.

Now and again, mechanically, he bathed the burning forehead and moistened the parched lips; but, every time he did so, he wished that the brandy were poison. It seemed to him that Providence had delivered the enemy into his hands. The luck that had stood by him all along was not deserting him.

Yes, he felt sure that Heriot would die, and leave him in undisputed possession of Eva and the title.

At daybreak Sally and the official came into the room. He shook his head as he looked at Heriot.

"It's a bad case, I'm afraid," he said, in a low voice. "I think, after all, that I will ride down to Monte Video for a doctor. I'll go, because I know the way. The man, Pete, has gone down to the farm, of which this is an out-station, to get help. If you don't mind staying here, Mr. Marshbank, you would be of great assistance, for Sally here is scarcely capable of bearing so great a responsibility."

"I will stay," said Stannard, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

The official left him the quinine and other medicines, and was soon in the saddle.

Stannard left Sally to take his place beside the bed, and went to lie down; but he could neither sleep nor rest. Heriot would come to, sooner or later, and would recognize him. Did Heriot know of the murder? It was scarcely possible that he should be in ignorance. He would ask some awkward questions. What answer should he—Stannard—make to them?

He got up, and walked about the house, and into the wood at the back. The sunlight tortured and harassed him; and it was only in the shadow of the great trees that he could keep his mind clear, and face the situation.

A little after noon he went upstairs to the sick room. Sally met him at the door with an eager look on her scared face.

"I think him coming sensible!" she said, in a whisper.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Stannard.

He must get her out of the room on some pretence or other.

"You'd better go down and make some tea, or broth, or something; he may want it."

He closed the door after her, and slipped its bar into position. When he turned to the bed Heriot's eyes met his. He started, and clutched at the end of the bed. Heriot regarded him with a bewildered frown; then he said, almost inaudibly—

"Am I asleep, still, or is it you, Stannard?"

Stannard moistened his lips, and sank noiselessly on to the box, so that Heriot could not stare at him without some inconvenience.

"Yes," he said; "it is I, Heriot."

Heriot passed his hand across his brow. "How did you come here—what did you come for?"

"I came out to Monte Video on a mission for the Government," said Stannard.

His soft voice seemed to jar upon Heriot, for he frowned again.

"I came here quite by accident, last night," continued Stannard. "We had lost our way. I say 'accident!' but we are all in the hands of Providence, and I can not doubt that I was directed here that I might be of service to you. Are you feeling better?"

Heriot ignored the question.

"You are out here," he said, huskily. "You have left Eva. Are you—are you married?"

"It seemed as if he could scarcely frame the question."

"No," said Stannard, blandly, though his heart beat fast.

Did Heriot know of the murder?

"Is—she well?" asked Heriot.

"Quite well," said Stannard, in a low voice. "Do you think you ought to talk?"

"And my father, and Lady Janet?" asked Heriot.

"Both quite well," replied Stannard.

There was silence for a moment or two; then unable to bear the suspense that was torturing him, Stannard said softly—

"Why did you leave England so suddenly. Heriot—was it wise?"

Heriot looked at him.

"I told you I should go," he said, painfully. "I told you that I could not remain."

Stannard looked at him sideways.

"I understand," he said.

A faint grim smile came into Heriot's face.

"I don't think you do understand," he said. Then, after a pause, "Why are you waiting here?"

"My dear fellow," said Stannard, "you do not think me so utterly without feeling as to leave you while you are ill, and in this lonely, out-of-the-way place?"

"I am in good hands," breathed Heriot. "Go on your way, and leave me in peace."

He turned his face away, as if that settled the matter. But Stannard sat silently watching him; and presently Heriot fell asleep, moving his head to and fro, and moaning restlessly.

Towards evening he woke, and was able to take a little broth. Lily was allowed to creep in, and she nestled against him, with her arms round his neck, murmuring soft words of childish pity and consolation.

Stannard watched the display of affection with a covert sneer, and a malignant envy. How was it that this ruffian this outcast, won, the hearts of everybody, while he, Stannard, stood alone in the world?

The night fell, and the fever grew more intense. Heriot was slightly delirious again, and rambled as before; but Stannard noticed that, though he spoke of a thousand and one things connected with the past, he made no reference to the murder.

Was it possible that he did not know?

In the morning Heriot became conscious again, but he was much weaker.

Sally looked serious, and even Lily, ignorant of the danger, eyed her beloved friend with a glimmer of fear in her blue eyes.

Stannard's heart rose; Heriot was going to die!

He lay like this for several hours in the afternoon Fletcher arrived. Though outwardly calm and unmoved, he was very much upset by the sight of Heriot, to whom he had grown much attached. Heriot could scarcely speak, but he tried to grasp Fletcher's hand with a reassuring pressure.

"Is he going to die?" asked Stannard, when he and Fletcher had gone downstairs.

"I dunno," replied Fletcher, with a suspicious huskiness in his rough voice. "He ain't if I can help it, for there ain't so many square men knocking about that we can chuck one away; and he's the squarest man I've met in the whole course of my life. I don't take much stock in gentlemen, as a rule; but if this is a sample of 'em they ain't a bad sort. No, mister, I'm going to make a hard fight for him, I tell you. I should have been here yesterday, but I was away down at the other end of the ranch when Pete came. Don't you cry, Lily, I'm going to save your Mr. Dick, if there's any saving possible."

He returned to the sick-room, and brought all his experience of the hateful fever to bear on Heriot's behalf. No hospital nurse could have been more devoted or more gentle.

"The misses wanted to come," he said to Heriot; "but as luck would have it, she's twisted her foot getting out of the waggin. I had to use strong words to keep her back, and I reckon she'll be up here as soon as she can stand upright. You keep yer heart up, old man, we ain't going to let you slip through our fingers."

"No, indeed!" said Stannard; but there was an ugly look in his eyes as he said it.

Fletcher knew more about the fever than the official, and he proceeded to try those remedies which had snatched many a hand and native from the greedy claws of death. He got all the blankets in the house, and piled them on the top of Heriot, then he administered a decoction of a simple herb that grew outside the door.

In half an hour Heriot grew fearfully hot, and begged them to take the blankets off him; but the heat soon grew to a damp and healthy one; he perspired freely, and, much to Fletcher's delight, fell into a sleep which, for the first time since the fever had seized him, was a sound and unbroken one.

When he awoke in the morning the crisis had passed: the fever had lost its grip, and, with his splendid constitution, he looked like recovering.

The improvement was maintained during the day, and the next morning Fletcher rubbed his hands with an air of satisfaction, and informed Stannard that Mr. Dick would certainly pull through.

"I'll go back to the misses now," he said, "for I'm a bit anxious about her. You and Sally can run the case very well. You've only got to jam in all the broth and gruel he can hold."

Stannard tried to look pleased, but it was

hard work. He went up to Heriot and congratulated him upon his mended condition. Heriot sighed.

"Thanks," he said, in a low voice, for he was, of course, very weak.

"Yes, I'm all right. And now you'd better go, hadn't you?"

For Stannard's presence was neither a comfort or a joy.

"Yes," said Stannard; "I expect my friend will be back to-day. Do you intend to remain here, Heriot?"

"Yes," said Heriot, grimly.

"You don't mean to come back to England?" asked Stannard, eyeing him keenly.

"No," said Heriot, shortly. "Why should I go back to England? I'm not wanted there."

He turned his face away and closed his eyes, as an intimation to Stannard that his company was undesirable.

Stannard went downstairs and Lily crept into the room.

She sat beside the bed, holding Heriot's hand, her head nestling beside his on the pillow.

"Don't you want to go to sleep?" she asked presently.

"Not much," said Heriot; "I seem to have been asleep for years. And yet I'd give something to go to sleep and get away from my thoughts."

"Shall I tell you a story?" she said. "But you know all my stories, because you've told 'em to me. I wish I'd got a paper for you to read the news."

"Ah!" said Heriot, "that reminds me! Where's that paper you gave me the other day? I remember—it's in the pocket of that coat hanging up there. Get it for me, dear."

She got the paper and unfolded it, and put it in his hand.

Heriot glanced over it listlessly, and was putting it down again, with a yawn, when his eye caught the heading. "The Averiagh Murder."

He read two or three paragraphs, in a kind of dazed stupor, then he looked all round the room, and started to read again.

He finished the account without so much as a single exclamation. There are moments when emotion is too intense to permit of the faintest expression.

He started at the paper fixedly for quite a minute, then he said to Lily, very quietly—

"Am I asleep, Lily?"

She looked at him with wide open eyes, and laughed.

"No—quite wide-awake, dear Dick!"

"Oh!" said Heriot. "Should you say that I was out of my mind, as I was the other day, you know?" he asked, earnestly.

Lily looked at him gravely.

"No, you're quite a most sensible person," she said.

Heriot drew a long breath.

"Thank you, dear," he said. "I didn't know. I thought I might be off my head again. Give me a kiss and run downstairs and tell that gentleman that I should like to see him."

She ran away, and Heriot put the paper away under the bedclothes, and held it with clenched hands. His brain was in a whirl. Ralph Foster murdered! Who had done it?

Presently Stannard Marshbank came up, and stood with his bland smile beside the bed.

"You wanted me, Heriot?" he asked, in a soft voice.

"Yes," said Heriot, looking straight before him. "I felt like talking. Tell me some news—something about the old place."

"News?" repeated Stannard, sinking on the box and crossing his legs.

"Yes," said Heriot. "Drag that box a little forward; I can't see you without twisting my neck."

Stannard obeyed, with a soapy smile.

"I don't know that there is any news, Heriot," he said. "Averiagh is a quiet, sleepy place, as you know, and nothing ever occurs there."

"All sorts of things occur in the quietest places," said Heriot. "Fire—accidents—murders!"

Stannard started.

Heriot dragged out the paper, and held it out with a shaking hand.

Stannard's face went pale.

"Ah!" he said, "you know!"

"Yes, I know," said Heriot.

"Only just now?" asked Stannard.

"I have just this moment read it in this paper," said Heriot, in an agitated voice. "Why did you not tell me?"

"At first I thought that you must have known," said Stannard. "And then, when I found that you did not, I did not like to



tell you; you were not in a condition to receive such news."

"Ralph Foster murdered!" said Heriot. "Who could have killed him!"

Stannard glanced keenly out of the corners of his eyes.

"It is quite impossible to say," he said, almost inaudibly. "You—you see what they say," nodding at the paper.

Heriot smiled grimly.

"Yes; but I did not do it. You know I did not," and he looked fixedly at Stannard, who let his eyes drop to the ground. "Why should I have killed him?" said Heriot. He put his hand to his head. "My brain is in confusion. I can't recall all that occurred that night I parted from the poor fellow in the shrubbery. He must have gone from there to the moor. Could it have been poachers?"

The strain upon Stannard was almost unbearable. He felt his face growing white, and the sweat breaking out upon it. At that moment Heriot happened to glance at him, and he watched him while one could count twenty.

"What motive could I have had for killing Ralph Foster?" he said, thickly. "It was not I who robbed him of Grace and ruined her, but you." He tried to raise himself up on his elbow, and bent forward. "Raise your eyes, and look me in the face!"

Stannard Marshbank dared not—could not—disobey. He raised his craven eyes.

Heriot pointed a finger at him. "It was you who killed Ralph Foster! Murderer!" he said, hoarsely.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

STANNARD rose and glided to the door, then he came back to the bed, and stood shaking in every limb, and with clenched teeth.

"You're mad!" he hissed. "Take care what you say!"

"No, I am not mad," said Heriot. "I have been; but I've come to my senses now, and I'm awake. I see it all! You knew that Foster would learn that it was you, and not I, who ruined Grace. You followed him, and tried to bribe him! You quarreled, and—murdered him! I see it all as plainly as if I had been there!" He fell back panting, his eyes still fixed sternly upon the distorted face.

Stannard Marshbank clutched the bed-clothes to support himself.

"You talk like a madman and a fool!" he said.

"I've spoken the truth," said Heriot. "Look in the glass opposite!"

Stannard raised his eyes to the reflection of his face in the glass, which hung on the wall, and, as he did so, there seemed to come between him and it another blood-stained face.

"Is that the countenance of an innocent man?" said Heriot. "Your guilt is written on every feature. I've spoken the truth; it was you—you—who murdered Ralph Foster!"

Stannard Marshbank showed his teeth in a defiant grin.

"Say what you like," he said: "think what you like! It matters nothing to me. I may, or may not, have murdered the man. If I did, neither you or any other man on earth can prove it."

Heriot struggled on to his elbow.

"Not so," he said. "Murder will not! You—wretches like you—always leave some clue behind. There must be some clue—"

Stannard broke in with a low, sinister laugh.

"There are—plenty!" he said. "There are enough clues, enough evidence, to hang the suspected man. You know who that suspected man is." He pointed to the paper. "You charge me with the murder of Ralph Foster. I retort by charging you! You have been charged already. A coroner's jury has found you guilty. There is a warrant out for your arrest for wilful murder!"

Heriot did not speak, but watched him. Stannard collected his breath.

"If you are not guilty, why did you take flight the morning after the murder? Why did you take pains to leave no track behind? Why are you hiding here, in an out-of-the-way part of the world, under an assumed name?"

Heriot was still silent. Stannard moistened his lips; his eyes were beginning to gleam and glint.

"If you've read the paper, you must see how black the case is against you. In that disgraceful scene at White Cot you admitted, before us all, that you were Grace's lover."

Heriot's lips opened, but he restrained himself, and Stannard continued, ticking off the links in the chain of evidence on the tips of his white fingers.

"Ralph Foster was heard to threaten you—we all heard him. You and he were quarreling in the shrubbery; the servants heard you. A few hours later the man was found dead at the bottom of the quarry. A gun was beside him."

Heriot started slightly, and Stannard Marshbank smiled, triumphantly.

"It was the gun that did the murder. Whose was it? It was the gun you had brought from Newton; the gun you carried to White Cot."

Heriot did not speak.

"You were the last man seen with the murdered man. You fled immediately after the murder." He paused, and looked down at Heriot, with half-lowered lids. "Many a man has been hanged by a tithe of the evidence that is massed against you. You are known to be of a violent temper. You nearly killed a miner in a fight that very morning. What do you say now?"

Heriot controlled himself by a mighty effort, though he felt a wild longing to seize the villain by the throat and silence his lying tongue for ever. But he knew he must meet Stannard Marshbank's craft and cunning with the weapons of self-restraint and prudence.

"You scoundrel!" he said, almost quietly. "You have wound the chain round me with devilish ingenuity. But there is one weak link, and I shall snap it. You forget Grace."

"Grace?" repeated Stannard, with a smile.

"Yes," said Heriot. "She has but to denounce you as her betrayer to supply the motive for your murder of Ralph."

Stannard Marshbank sneered.

"The one piece of rebutting evidence," he said, contemptuously. "My word will be taken against here; and, even if you could prove it, would it weigh against the volume of evidence that will convict you? You were near the place in which the murder was committed. I was in bed at the time, and can prove it. No, there is no escape for you. Try and realize that, and listen to Heriot."

Heriot clenched his teeth to prevent himself from speaking. It was well that he should hear all that the villain had to say.

"Listen to me," said Stannard, seating himself on the box, and clasping his hands tightly. "If you go back to England you will be tried for this murder, found guilty, and hanged. Wait. Hear me out. There is no time to lose. Someone may come in. Let us understand one another. We have got our hands at each other's throats. I am fighting for Eva—"

At the sound of her name an indescribable thrill ran through Heriot. It was the shudder which a religious man feels when he hears a blasphemer.

"For Eva and the Earl's money. For the position which I have won by years of hard work and unceasing struggle. I love Eva, and I mean to have her, though in getting her I send you to the gallows. You are fighting for your life. Let me go back to England and marry Eva, and I swear that I will keep the secret of your hiding-place."

Heriot watched him, and made no sign, though his heart seemed bursting under the restraint which he was putting upon himself.

"Take my advice," said Stannard, "and remain here. There is no extradition treaty; while you remain here you are safe from arrest. You shall not want for money. I will leave you enough to buy a small farm. I will send more if necessary. Mind, I will not submit to any blackmailing! I will send you just what I think necessary." He paused, and watched Heriot's face with snake-like scrutiny.

"I'm giving you good advice," he said. "This sort of life suits you, and you will be perfectly happy amongst these bores," he sneered, "and their cattle. You may become a rich man. It's true you will be a kind of outcast—even at this moment he could not deny himself the malignant taunt—"but, you know, you are an outcast already!"

The muscles on Heriot's neck thickened, an ominous light burned in his eyes, but Stannard was looking at the counterpane, and did not see these signs of the coming storm.

"Come, Heriot," he said, "you are a man of sense, and you must see that the course I have planned out for you is the only one you can follow."

"I will keep my word as regards the money, and I am not afraid that you will break any promise you will give to me. Are you agreed? What will you do?"

By a great effort Heriot raised himself in the bed.

"What will I do?" he said, hoarsely. "The very moment I am strong enough to

crawl from this bed I will start for England and denounce you! What! You offer me money to remain here like a rat in a hole, to let you go back to marry—"

He could not speak Eva's name. "To lie in hiding, and let the world think me a cold-blooded, cowardly murderer!"

He laughed in the fury of his indignation.

"You hound! You cur! You are not fit to live! You murdered Ralph Foster, and the truth shall be known. It will be known!" he panted, raising a denouncing hand.

"Men will read your guilt in you face as I did just now. Look!"—he pointed to the glass—"there's a murder written on it at this moment!"

Stannard glanced at the glass as he had done before, and, as before, the blood-stained face of his victim floated before him. The vision, Heriot's words, the sickening fear that rose within his heart, roused in him a reckless and desperate fury.

"You threaten me!" he hissed, bending over the bed, his hands extended, and working like claws. "You fool! You are in my power!"

His hands closed upon Heriot's throat—there was murder in their touch, murder in his eyes. By a superhuman effort Heriot writhed and struggled out of Stannard's grasp, and attempted to get out of the bed. Stannard struck him across the face, and forced him down again, then he snatched up the pillow, and, kneeling on Heriot's chest to keep him down, pressed the pillow over his face.

Heriot felt his breath failing; felt that awful sensation which precedes suffocation. His senses were slipping from him, and yet in that moment he saw, as in a flash of lightning, the face of Eva, with anguish and sorrow in her eyes. He ceased to struggle. Stannard laughed triumphant and gloating.

At this moment came the sound of horses' hoofs upon the road outside to the room. Stannard looked over his shoulder, and ground his teeth. Footsteps were heard upon the stairs, a hand upon the handle of the door. Stannard snatched the pillow away, and stood beside the bed. Only just in time, for as he removed his knee from Heriot's chest, the door opened, and the official and the doctor entered.

Stannard turned a pale and startled face to them.

"You have come just in time," he said. "He has been very ill—much worse! He was quite violent just now—I think he has fainted."

He drew back and wiped his face covertly as the doctor passed him to the bed.

Heriot opened his eyes and looked round with a dazed glare, then his eyes fell upon Stannard Marshbank, his full consciousness came back to him. He tried to raise himself in bed, and, pointing to Stannard, gasped—

"Seize that man! Seize him—don't let him go! I charge him with murder!"

"Hush, hush!" said the doctor.

Stannard caught sight of the newspaper lying on the floor at his feet, and he carefully pushed it under the bed.

"Poor fellow!" he said. "He is delirious!"

"Secure him!" said Heriot, hoarsely. "I am not delirious. I know what I am saying. He has committed murder!"

The official shook his head pityingly; the doctor, by word and gesture, tried to soothe Heriot.

"He has been going on like that for the last half-hour," said Stannard, in a low voice. "Talking and raving the most dreadful nonsense."

"They are always delirious off and on," said the doctor.

"I am not delirious," said Heriot, trying to control himself. "I know what I am saying. I am Heriot Fayne—Lord Fayne. I am the man charged with the murder—the murder of a gamekeeper in England."

"Dear, dear!" said Stannard, "it is very sad! He has been raving like this about a murder, and accusing himself of the crime for the last half-hour. I suppose he must have read about it in a newspaper."

He picked up the paper from under the bed, and turned it over.

"Yes," he said. "It is as I thought. Here is an old 'Times' containing an account of the murder; he must have read it a little while ago, and got it on his brain."

"Quite so!" said the doctor, in a low voice. "Such delusions are not uncommon."

Heriot heard every word, and looked from one to the other in a frenzy of despair.

"Listen!" he said. "I am quite sensible! I tell you I am Lord Fayne; I am charged with the murder of one of my father's gamekeepers. My father is the Earl of Averleigh."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Bric-a-Brac.

**THE SWORDFISH.**—The weapon of the swordfish probably served as the model for one of the earliest forms of the sword. Many swords, particularly among the marine nations, were edged with the teeth of sharks.

**WALNUTS.**—In France, in by-gone days, the walnut had the priority over the chestnut, due to its yielding a highly-prized oil. In the time of Charlemagne tithes were paid in walnuts, and it was the monks who extracted the oil, which was in great request in the Low Countries.

**IN PERSIA.**—In Persia all payments to the peasantry are made in kind, and many of them rarely touch money. The proprietor of the village gives the seed and water, and the laborers cultivate the land, receiving as their wages half the crops. If the proprietor finds the bullocks for ploughing and threshing he takes a greater share. He also pays the taxes.

**COLD.**—Extreme cold often prevails in the interior of Labrador. To illustrate the fearful frigidty, before milking the reindeer the milkmaid places a piece of string in the pail, allowing one end to hang over the side. By the time the milking is finished, it is asserted that the lactical fluid is frozen solid, and the maid takes hold of the string and, lifting the frozen milk from the pail, throws it over her shoulder and marches to her hut.

**JAPAN AND CHINESE.**—The Chinese, when they first knew the Japs, named them the "Wa" people, and for a long time this word was sufficient. By change of vowel during two thousand years, "Wa" has become "Wo." This was the term used in the recent declaration of war. This name, which signifies winding and twisting, is not liked by the Japanese, who prefer "Ji Pen," "The Land of the Rising Sun." The old name of the country was "Yamato," which is thought to mean "The gate of the mountains."

**NAPOLEON.**—The great Napoleon was never a literary man, nor even a correct writer. French orthography ever remained a great mystery to him, and the desire to hide this weakness caused him to employ an undecipherable chirography well adapted to cover his orthographical defects. It is said in connection with this that in the early days of the Empire a man of very modest aspect presented himself before the Emperor. "Who are you?" asked Napoleon. "Sir, I had the honor at Brienne for fifteen months to give writing lessons to your Majesty." "You turned out a nice pupil!" said the Emperor, with vivacity. "I congratulate you on your success!" But nevertheless he conferred a pension upon his old master.

**FROST FAIR ON THE THAMES.**—In the year 1814 the winter was unusually severe. On the eve of Epiphany a frost commenced, which continued several weeks; and during a great part of that time the Thames was frozen, to the indescribable distress of many industrious classes. A sort of rude fair was held upon the ice, to which the name of Frost Fair was given. And printing presses were set up there, at which was printed a memorial of the duration of the calamity. The following is a copy:

"Amidst the arts which on the Thames appear,  
To tell the wonders of this icy year,  
Printing claims prior place, which at one view  
Erects a monument of that and you.

Printed on the River Thames, February 6th, in fifty-fourth year of the reign of King George III., A. D. 1814."

**YULE-TIME IN SWEDEN.**—On Yule-night all must stay at home in Sweden, for the trolls, or demons and witches, are thought to walk about them. The old men tell us the dead come out of their graves and go to the church on Yule-night. Almost everyone stays in this night, but on Yule-day almost everyone goes to the very early matins, beginning long before daybreak. Crowds of people are seen coming from the little hamlets, bearing in their hands and holding high their blazing torches. These are all thrown down in front of the church door in one glowing pile, their vivid light flashing back on the gray church walls in the early morning. The church is bright without, as torch after torch flashes forth on the glowing pile. Around the church nature is in deep repose; the turbulent streams are frozen; the waves of the lakes upon which the summer sun played, strike no more on the pebbled shores.



## CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY M. K.

Oh, Christmas chimes! Oh, Christmas times  
The sweetest and the brightest:  
When hearts beat high and pulses fly,  
And Childhood's steps are lightest;  
When rosy cheeks are ruddiest,  
And red lips like a cherry.  
Oh, Christmas near—oh, Christmas here—  
So sparkling and so merry!

Oh, Christmas bells! your music tells  
A tale of joy and gladness—  
Of fireside peace, of sweet increase—  
And not a tale of sadness;  
For even Poverty lifts up  
Her thousand thousand voices,  
And for this time—this one bright time—  
Of goodly cheer, rejoices.

## LOVE THE VICTOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT,"

"A RIGHTeous RETRIBUTION,"

"WRECKED," "THE FRUITS  
OF A CRIME," ETC.

## CHAPTER XL—(CONTINUED)

As he spoke a troubled look crept into Agnes' upraised eyes.

"You are right!" she exclaimed suddenly, in a voice so cold and stern that all but the self-engrossed Stephen looked at her in surprise. "There are some wrongs that can never and ought never to be forgiven!"

"I believe there are," agreed Stephen, whose own brow seemed to relax at her words. "I am glad we agree on this point," he said, in lower tones.

"Yes," continued Agnes, laughing, but very mirthlessly—"mercy and forgiveness sound very well; but, as you say, justice is that which should be meted out to wrong-doers. Justice simply—justice only! Oh, justice is a glorious, a grand virtue!"

She raised her small head proudly as she spoke—her eyes glittered, her cheeks flushed, yet never had she looked less fair. Even Stephen, whose sentiments agreed with hers, felt uneasy as he watched her, although he hardly knew why.

"My dear child," cried Mrs. Denys, who had grown strangely pale, and now came across the rug and knelt at Agnes' feet, putting her arms carelessly round her, "don't talk like that, or I shall think I have got some spirit of Vengeance with me, instead of my white and gentle lily-flower—some cruel spirit who will hunt up all our skeletons, and, with the remorseless cry of 'Justice only!' slay us all with a two-edged sword!"

Agnes' features relaxed, the baleful light died out from her eyes, the childish dimples stole into her cheeks again. She bent forward and kissed her employer gently on the brow.

"I will help you to hide your skeleton," she said, with her old sweet smile, "and with the sword strike any one who would be so bold as to try to get a glimpse of it!"

Mrs. Denys returned the kiss several times, almost passionately, it seemed, then returned to her seat, stifling a sigh.

The conversation then took a lighter turn, but Mrs. Denys did not take part in it; and, long after every one else was in bed, the mistress of the Grange sat by the window in her own room, her gaze fixed upon the wild scene without, where the moon, escaping every now and then from the dark driving clouds, shed its cold white lustre around—lighting up lake and tree and mountain, and showing the glittering waters immediately below in weird fitful gleams; then disappearing again and plunging all things into blackness. The scene appeared in harmony with the tumult of her own soul, and she seemed to find some relief from her contemplation of it.

For a long time Mrs. Denys sat thus; then, turning with a passionate movement, she looked round the splendid apartment, whose atmosphere was redolent of the rare Indian perfume she affected, and burst into a harsh laugh, ending in a sob.

"Am I never to be happy," she exclaimed—"never to be suffered to condone my fault?—never know the sweets of forgiveness? Oh, Guy, you think me a worldly, frivolous, unfeeling woman! Because I was false once you believe me false to the core. You do not know that my heart is breaking for a word of love from you—for a word of forgiveness! You would only spurn me from your presence if I dared to plead for either. Oh, Guy, my punishment is greater than I can bear!"—and, laying her burning head down upon the stone sill, Maud Denys sobbed bitterly.

In a couple of days the weather changed for the better. Everybody's spirits rose with the barometer, and the whole party were looking forward with joyful expectation to their seaside excursion. They were to set out immediately after luncheon, and have a primitive country tea in the little hotel at Carning, walking back some few miles afterwards by moonlight.

Agnes was in a state of supreme delight. She had never had such an excursion in her life. Nay—more, the girl had never seen the sea, and her first view of the magnificent sight was to be by Stephen's side. She thought her cup of joy was almost too full. She looked so radiant as she stood in the sunshine awaiting her turn to be assisted into the comfortable landau, with its pair of handsome grays, which was to bear them to the station, that her beauty was a new revelation, even to Mr. Flackton, who imagined he had witnessed every phase of it.

Mrs. Gelling, resplendent in one of last summer's flowered sateens rather the worse for wear, and Mrs. Denys, in a becoming costume of black velvet, sat in the place of honor, while Agnes and Sir Mavor had the "beauty seat." Stephen was mounted and rode alongside, and seemed to be in the highest spirits.

There was great excitement at Osiering when the carriageful of gentlefolk appeared. And, when at last the train came dawdling up, creeping, snail-like, out of one tunnel, while another yawned ready to receive it, great was the bustling importance of the station-master and porters as, with much touching of hats and slamming of doors, they showed the party to their places.

At first the route lay through a green valley, by the side of a narrow rushing river; but as they emerged into more open country, the mountains gradually lessened in height and grew barer of trees.

At length they reached Carning, which little hamlet stood at the foot of a majestic stretch of rising moorland.

Behind them lay the little hamlet, with its rustic water mill beside the stream, and the moss-grown spire of the little church, and its hills and fertile fields.

Laughing and chattering, like five children escaped from school—having cast aside their society masks and cloaks of conventionality—they pressed on together; even Stephen content to share Agnes' presence with the others, for he knew a word to Mrs. Denys would ensure the homeward walk together.

Sir Mavor Pryce also seemed satisfied. His hopes were turning from the impossible to the possible—from Miss Lyne—who was evidently utterly blind to his fascinations—to the fair and plump widow, who did not regard with a wholly unfavorable eye.

If Mrs. Denys gave a thought to the helpless paralytic left behind for his solitary exercise on the terrace and his lonesome meals in the Grange, her constant laughter and lively chatter gave no clue to it, so that "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

Nearer and nearer as they climbed upward to the plane of shining azure, Agnes Lyne's awe and ecstasy increased with its increasing expanse. This, then, was the sea—so often heard of, read of, dreamed of, but until now a dream only!

A little farther and they stood on the summit of the cliff; and there on every side and to the misty horizon the ocean lay in all its unveiled grandeur.

"It is positively beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Gelling, who was not troubled with an undue share of imagination. "But how are we to get down, mine hostess? For of course we must do the shore?"

"Of course! Well, my dear, the path lies at our very feet. Ah, here it is! The cliff is not steep, as it appears. Now, follow your leader!"

Mrs. Denys stepped lightly over the verge, and laughingly began the descent, followed, after much mock terror, screaming, and loud declarations that it was dreadful, and that she could not possibly keep her footing, by Mrs. Gelling, who clung to Sir Mavor's supporting hand.

A fresh delight awaited Agnes on the beach. She was like a child, to whom all is new and delightful.

The air was laden with dewy perfumes when the party set out once more to walk across the moors to Osiering. Through a narrow defile, the chalk cliffs snow-white in the moonlight, they descend to the moor, Agnes and Stephen—as the young man had artfully contrived—somewhat behind the other three.

"This has been a happy day!" exclaimed Stephen. "I feel that I have thoroughly enjoyed it." "Have you been happy, Agnes?"

"Too happy!" she faltered.

"Agnes," murmured Mr. Flackton, his voice trembling, a tender look in his eyes "my own, own love!"

Standing still as he spoke, he extended his arms. With a long sigh of unutterable joy Agnes suffered herself to be drawn into his embrace, and, folded to the breast which should henceforth be her shield against the world, let her blissful tears fall there unchecked.

Of what followed neither of them was ever fully conscious—they were too intoxicated with mutual joy. Agnes only knew that she had nestled to him, her sunny head against his cheek, sometimes responding a little in more broken sentences than his, but more generally eloquently silent.

"Stephen," said Agnes Lyne timidly, "I want to talk to you very seriously."

The lovers were seated side by side on a fallen trunk in the pine wood. It was the day after the excursion to Carning, and as yet they had not openly divulged the sweet secret which however their every glance betrayed.

"And I want to hear you!" he replied playfully.

"Stephen," she went on, steadying her voice with a powerful effort, "I must tell you; I could never be happy in your love, dear, unless I knew there was not a shadow of concealment between us. I know you are a just man, Stephen, proud, and with a stainless name. No blot, no reproach ever rested on your fair fame?"

"Never!" he answered, raising his head. "I thank Heaven for it!"

"You could not bear the slightest taint of reproach or disgrace?" she continued questioningly.

"Does it rest on your name?" he asked, the slow color rising to his cheek. "Well, my darling, when you take my ugly name, that will not matter—will it?"

With a quick movement Agnes raised his hand to her lips.

"Brave generous heart!" she murmured softly. "But I will tell you, Stephen, and you shall judge. You must be patient with my poor telling of a sad tale. I do not remember my father, for I was very young when he died; but my mother expired only five years ago, worn out with hard work, and Jamie and Minnie my only brother and sister, were left to me to look after."

"After our first grief had spent itself we three, though very poor, were happy. Minnie and I used to work for the Berlin wool shops—does that hurt you so much, foolish Stephen?—and Jamie, through the influence of a kind friend now in New Zealand, obtained a situation in the Conway Cotton Mills at Lorington, where we lived."

"He—Jamie—was very young, ignorant of the world, and easily led, although his heart was ever warm and tender. He met with evil companions and got led into sin, and—and the end was that he stole some money from his master, and, in spite of his bitter repentance, his tears, his agony, his cruel master ordered him to prison."

Here Agnes hid her face; but, raising it again continued.

"He died there, Stephen—my only brother died in prison! He was so young, poor orphan boy, and he had no better guide than a weak girl like me—he who so needed a father's care and counsel! He was not strong, and the disgrace and horror of it broke his heart. I was with him when he died, and, oh, if you could have heard him, you would have felt as I did! You would have vowed, as I did, vengeance on the tyrant who would not pardon a boy's first offence; who could not pity the lad's weakness, his orphanhood, his two helpless sisters left alone to the tender mercies of a cold hard world!"

"I sometimes wonder if I shall ever cease to hear Jamie's voice as it sobbed, 'He would not give me a chance, Nessie! He would not give me a chance! Oh, what will become of you and little Minnie! Who will work for you now?' And then he would ask so piteously, 'Can't you take me home now, Nessie? I want to die at home! It is too dreadful to be in prison. Oh, I am so thankful that poor mother cannot see me here!'"

A flood of passionate tears stopped the narrator.

"Poor Jamie died," she proceeded softly. "He bitterly expiated his impulse of sin." Then, with sudden hardness in her voice, she exclaimed, "But I cursed that wicked master while I knelt by my brother's prison bed, his cold hand in mine; and I vowed, if ever Heaven sent me the chance, to make him suffer as he had made Jamie—yes—even unto death! Our troubles began then"—the passion in her voice seemed

to be dying wearily away—"Minnie and I went to Warring, having changed our name from Maurice to Lyne—our mother's maiden name. Soon after, my only sister—so bright, plump, and pretty once—died of starvation, for I could not earn money enough to buy us bread at last, and, if it had not been for a kind good doctor who attended her, I too should have died. He saved my life, though it was too late to save my darling's, and now—"

"It is summer—warm, blessed, glorious summer!" finished Stephen, as she paused.

The words had risen involuntarily to his lips, but his tone was so strange that Agnes raised her tearful eyes to look into his face.

"And you do not cast me off," she asked timidly—"me—the sister of a felon who died in prison—to whom the pawn-shop was once a familiar place—for whom the workhouse once seemed the only possible home?"

"Oh, hush, child—hush!" groaned Stephen, in evident agony, hiding his face in his hands. "You are thrusting a knife into my heart. Yet you could forgive—now that you are happy—that cruel misguided employer?" he asked, meeting her gaze at last wistfully, yearningly.

"No—I could not do that!" she answered, the very tones of her voice changing, her eyes hardened in expression. "Don't you remember your own words the other evening—that there were some wrongs which could never be forgiven? You thought, as I did, that justice was more glorious than a weak mercy. Justice! Yes—Mr. Conway should have that at my hands!"

"What do you mean by justice—in his case?" inquired Mr. Flackton.

"The same measure as he meted out to the orphan boy! But, dear Stephen, we will not think of this any more. The very remembrance of it makes me feel wretched and wicked, and I want to be happy now!"

"Agnes," suddenly exclaimed the young man, putting her away from him and standing before her as if to receive his death warrant—"you shall take me as I am or not at all—at least, the reproach of a lie shall not rest on me. Do you not know that I had to change my name a year ago, when my godfather left me a fortune on that condition? Have you heard nothing of it?"

"Nothing! How could I?" she asked, rising from her seat, and beginning to be vaguely alarmed, although she knew not why.

"Did you not know that I lived near Lorington?"

"No—I— Oh, Stephen, don't look like that! Don't try to frighten me! It is cruel; I can't bear it! Do you mean that you knew poor Jamie?"

"That I am the owner of large cotton mills?" he hurried on, just as if she had not spoken.

Agnes Lyne's face blanched to the hue of death. As for Stephen, he clutched the bole of a fir tree to keep himself from falling, so dizzy did he feel.

"That I am Stephen Conway," he ejaculated with difficulty from between his dry lips—"that I sent James Maurice to prison for theft?"

There was a silence—intense, awful. Stephen's face was hidden in his hands, and his strong frame shaken with excitement. Agnes stood staring at him and trying to articulate.

Jamie's murderer her own lover? The vengeance she had prayed for in her grasp at last! So her wild thoughts shaped themselves.

A sense of aversion, of unutterable wrath and repulsion, rose within her, which seemed to restore strength and voice to her.

"I am glad you have heard the consequences of your vile deed!" she cried, with icy scorn. "And, oh, how glad I am that I told you, and thus, escape the shame, the misery, and the horror of union with you! Cain may walk about boldly without a brand on his forehead—with no man's hand against him—applauded, bowed down to. But his sin shall find him out all the same. Oh, Heaven, how shall I cleanse my lips from your vile kisses?"

"You—you cannot mean to give me up?" stammered Stephen, staring at her now with wild unbelief and still wilder entreaty.

She laughed scornfully as she asked—"Did you expect me to marry my brother's murderer? Stephen Conway, I hate you. I would sooner die than marry you! I never wish to see or hear from you again—I have done with you."

"This is your final answer?" he co-



manded, rising from his knees, white to the lips with the effort he was making for self-control. "The only one you can ever give—that you hate me, Agnes?"

"Hate, despise, and abhor you!" she exclaimed, her voice rising in hysterical passion with each word.

Then, without another glance, or any effort of his to detain her, she turned away and ran swiftly down the winding path in the direction of the Grange. He caught one glimpse of her light flying figure, her yellow hair catching the golden sun rays, and then she was gone.

Stephen saw her no more, but hurt grievously in his love he proposed to Magdalen Ormond and married her secretly the day after the wedding of her mother.

And Agnes took up her cross.

A year passed away, and the first bitterness of Agnes Lyne's grief had worn itself out.

She was always busy, one great secret of her contentment. She read regularly to Mr. Denys, frequently accompanying him in his bath-chair on his daily journeys in the avenue, or his occasional drives in the lanes, the influence of her gentleness making itself insensibly felt on his warped and hardened nature.

It pained Agnes to see Mrs. Denys start and shrink at the sound of her husband's voice, or the vibration of his wheel-chair, or notice the pathetic yearning way in which her eyes followed him, or sank before his cold gaze. "If I were his wife I could not endure it for a day," Agnes thought sometimes. "I would make him love and forgive me, or I would leave him!"

One day, when she and Mrs. Denys were wandering in the woods seeking for primroses, she said something of the kind to the elder lady.

"You forget that I brought it on myself," returned Mrs. Denys, with a sad smile—"and that he owes the shipwreck of his life to me! I am learning patience in a hard school, but still I am learning it. I am grateful to you for cheering my poor husband as you do; I love you the more for it, and—"

"What?" asked Agnes gently, as she paused.

"There may come—who knows?—a day when Heaven will give me a chance of expiation, or when he may relent. Sometimes after a long day of storm there comes a glorious sunset, Agnes!"

"May it be so for you," ejaculated Agnes earnestly, "for I am sure you have suffered enough!"

"Not half so much as I have sinned!" returned Mrs. Denys. Then she continued in changed tones, "Coralie Dacre is going to be married!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Agnes, with a smile that some sad memory suddenly shadowed.

"Yes—to Lester Flindt!"

"Poor girl, I pity her!" observed Agnes.

"I don't think she needs much pity; she knows what he is, and will be more than a match for him, I fancy. I only told you, dear, because—"

"I understand," said Miss Lyne, tenderly pressing the hand that rested on her arm.

"I do not think Mrs. Denys looks very well," ventured Agnes timidly, that afternoon, as she closed the book she had been reading to the invalid, and prepared the couch for his siesta—"she is so pale and thin!"

"I see no difference," he answered curtly.

"She is so depressed. If any one speaks to her suddenly, the tears rush to her eyes. She is like one weighed down under some heavy burden or grief."

Mr. Denys looked at Agnes keenly, but her expression did not change, and she returned his gaze frankly.

"That is the grief that kills," remarked Agnes gently.

"What! Has she been confiding some pitiful tale to you?" Mr. Denys asked sarcastically.

"Yes—a pitiful tale, indeed," replied Agnes bravely, in spite of her beating heart, for she was determined to break down the barrier of silence between the two—"a tale of sin certainly, but of a sorrow and repentance that will end only with life, and one which surely ought to atone!"

"There is no atonement possible in this world for such a crime as hers. What! propose to elope with that vile Lester Flindt to whom she was once engaged," he said sternly, showing no sign of agitation beyond the changing hue of his cheeks. "When love, hope, and faith are destroyed, who shall revive them? Only

the power which could restore strength to these withered limbs"—striking his knee passionately—"and she does not possess that."

"No—but love can restore hope and faith, and Mrs. Denys retains that love."

Mr. Denys raised his eyebrows in cold surprise at the girl who stood so resolute before him.

"Love for you, I mean!" she added quickly, reading his thoughts.

The invalid burst into a scornful laugh.

"You have learned your part well!" he exclaimed; then, more softly—"Nay, child! I do not mean you are acting a part—would that all women were as pure-hearted and sincere as you are! But you are deceived, as I was once, but shall never be again. You have meant well, Agnes, so be content; I must rest now."

Miss Lyne went mournfully away. She had done her best and failed, and could do no more.

One bright spring morning, when the air was redolent of hawthorn and lilac, Agnes went down to Eldermine to take Lola and Mitte for a long flower-gathering ramble in the woods, leaving Mrs. Denys to call on a neighbor, Mrs. Froddington.

When the visit was over, Mrs. Denys walked slowly home through the flowery lanes, feeling sadder and more languid than usual. Very slowly her lagging footsteps took her through a lane where the trees arched overhead and let the sunshine flicker through. With her head bowed, and sad thoughts ever brooding on the past, Mrs. Denys walked along without hope and with heavy heart, when a sudden rushing noise startled her from her reverie. She looked up, drawing involuntarily close to the bank beside her, as she saw a carriage dashing up the lane, swaying from side to side, drawn by a runaway horse.

In another moment she recognized it as the pretty little victoria that her husband used on those rare occasions when he drove out. Swiftly the idea came to her that he was within it alone, and, utterly helpless, was being hurried to his death. An incoherent cry to Heaven, a sudden swift bracing of every nerve, and she stood with extended arms in the centre of the road.

The frightened horse gave a sudden pause as it came up, and swayed a little to one side; Mrs. Denys seized the hanging reins, near the animal's head, with a grasp of preternatural strength. For a few yards more the horse went forward, dragging her unresisting weight with him, her hands never loosening their hold of the reins, and then he stopped, quite subdued.

The servant, who had been thrown out but not injured, came running up at this juncture, and hastened to his master's assistance.

"Go—go to your mistress!" cried Mr. Denys, half maddened by his own powerlessness, and his fear for her.

Mrs. Denys was lying on the road, her dress torn, her hair white with dust, streaming wildly around her, the reins still in her grasp. The man thought at first that she must be dead, but when he touched her she opened her eyes and tried to smile.

"Saved?" she demanded feebly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the man—"safe and unhurt, but desperately frightened about you."

She smiled faintly and endeavored to rise.

"I am not hurt," she said. "Oh!"

The cry of pain was forced from her, for her right wrist was dislocated. She turned paler, and would have fallen but for the servant's support.

"Bring her here—quick, Jenkin! Gently—gently!" called Mr. Denys, in an agony of excitement and fear. "Thank Heaven, she is not killed!"

Then, as his wife was placed by his side, with the assistance of a villager who had been working in the adjoining field, and who had come to the rescue with all speed, he put his arm round her shoulder and drew her close to him.

"My brave wife!" he cried, in impassioned tones.

As for Mrs. Denys, a flood of overwhelming joy seemed to blind and deafen her, and for the first time she lost all consciousness.

The sun was setting as Agnes Lyne strolled up the steep street at Eldermine, having just left the Berlin wool emporium, where she had been matching some wools for Mrs. Denys, and had been detained by many questions about that lady's health.

The wicket leading to the churchyard

stood open as she passed, and Agnes ascended the half-frozen rock-hewn steps, and went into the little garden-like place where the brightest autumn flowers still bloomed on the mounds among the green grass.

After wandering for some time among the graves, the girl sat down on a green mound beneath the shadow of a stately beech, and let her eyes roam slowly over the landscape.

A shadow fell across her face, and she looked up, with a start, from the closed daisies at her feet where her eyes had been fixed unseeing. She did not move or speak, but grew deathly pale, for it was Stephen Flackton who stood there in the gloaming and the lovers—whom death and life had parted—were face to face once more.

For a brief space neither of them spoke; the moment was too supreme.

It was the woman who spoke first, in faltering tones that she vainly essayed to render firm.

"You have been ill?" she remarked, with no attempt at any formal greeting, her keen gaze taking in every detail of his worn, haggard face, with its sunken eyes and hectic cheeks; she noted the altered proportions of the once stalwart frame, now attenuated and slightly stooping, as with excessive weakness.

He coughed as she spoke, and the hollow sound seemed to strike at her heart like a knell.

"You have been ill?" she repeated.

"Yes," replied Stephen, with sudden brightness—"or you would not see me here. I am ill; I have got my discharge."

"What do you mean?"

"I am discharged from the ranks of weary strugglers with life's woes and chances."

It was as if a heavy weight had been placed on Agnes Lyne's heart. She drew her breath with a spasmodic effort, feeling dull and dazed. He thought she did not understand, and that he must speak more plainly.

"I am a dying man," he said quietly. Then with swift sudden passion—"Oh, Agnes, you will forgive me now?"

"Dying!" To save her life the girl could not have uttered another word, and this came with a gasp from between her dry lips, which were the same colorless hue as her face.

Agnes had pictured him in all sorts of circumstances, but always as prosperous, happy, popular, beloved, never once as dying!

"Dying," he repeated softly. "Can it be that you are sorry for me, Agnes? Ah, I thought your true woman's heart would not refuse me forgiveness, now that the world will soon be rid of me altogether! But I did not dream that so much happiness would be mine as that you would pity me and forgive me."

"It is so sudden—so dreadful!" she exclaimed jerkily, every word requiring an effort. "I never knew—never heard."

"No—how should you?"—sitting wearily down on a stone slab opposite to her. "My troubles were nothing to you, of course, and I have startled you by my altered appearance!" smiling with the same look of weariness. "I know I'm a ghastly object. But—with a tender yearning in the voice whose familiar accents, so long unheard except in dreams, shook Agnes to her inmost soul—"I wanted your forgiveness, dear, before I died. I do not think I could have died without it."

Then, as she did not speak, but only hid her white face in her hands, he went on passionately.

"Surely you will not refuse it? Have I not suffered? Yes—a thousand times for what I made you suffer. You cursed me by your brother's death bed, and that curse has done its work. It has sapped my happiness and my life. Perhaps you will say my manhood was weak, but I only know it could not stand the loss of you."

"You cursed me, hated me, leathed me; in your sight I was no better than a murderer. My hands, you told me, were stained with innocent blood. Agnes, I do not ask you to touch them now, but"—his voice breaking in a sob—"only say 'I forgive you Stephen.'"

With a swift movement Agnes fell upon her knees on the soft grass before him, and, taking his thin right hand in her own burning grasp, pressed her lips to it with a passionate abandonment.

A gleam of unutterable joy flashed across Stephen's wasted features. Bending down he drew the weeping girl into his arms, and pressed her anguished face close to his throbbing heart.

"I also have deeply sinned and have bitterly repented," he murmured, raising

his face to the starlit sky with rapturous gratitude—"and this is the end! Thank Heaven!"

For a little while they sat there silent, heart to heart, Agnes' tears losing their worst bitterness on his breast, when Stephen coughed again, and she raised her head at the ominous sound.

"You must not stay here!" she exclaimed hurriedly. "How selfish of me to allow it! The dew is falling."

"Nothing can hurt me now!" he answered, saluting the lips that were so near his own—kissing them softly, lingeringly, solemnly, sealing forgiveness, not betrothal.

It was not until they were walking together to the village, where the carriage was waiting for Agnes, that a sudden remembrance stung her to the quick. She had forgotten how little need Stephen had of her love, though he might have wished her forgiveness. Her cheeks burned at the thought of that long unsolicited embrace.

"Oh, Stephen, my love, my love, it is I who beg your forgiveness!" she cried, tears raining from her pleading eyes. "I have deeply sinned; I have bitterly repented—and this is the end!"

"I had forgotten," she faltered, trying to be calm and cool—"your—your wife! I saw the announcement of your marriage."

"I had forgotten too," he replied quietly—"that time is so like an uneasy dream; yet I meant to make her happy—poor girl!—though I could not have given her life."

He paused for a moment, then went on more hurriedly.

"She died a few hours after our marriage, of heart disease. Yes—it was very sudden—very, very shocking; but, when I looked at her dead smiling face, I felt in my heart it was better for her. I thought what a mockery our marriage-vows had been—that life would have been more bitter to her than death—as it was to me!"

He paused; but Agnes did not speak—her tears were falling again. How different had been the reality from her imaginings!

Misunderstanding her silence, Stephen exclaimed passionately—

"Do not turn from me, my own love, my heart's darling! I never loved but you. But in my folly I thought to atone for the misery I had caused you by sacrificing my life to make another happy—let me spend my last days near you. I felt too much to ask, my own?"

Once more Agnes took his hand in hers, and kissed it with warm clinging lips. And Stephen was satisfied.

It was a bright sunshiny morning, when next Stephen and Agnes passed down the narrow pathway of Eldermine churchyard.

Erect and strong walked the young man; the hue of health was on his cheeks, the light of joy in his blue eyes, for happiness had cheated Death of its victim.

Lovely in her bridal array—clothed in pure white from head to foot—Agnes walked by his side, her fair head bent, her trembling hand resting on his strong arm. Before them the children scattered the flowers they had gathered at dawn. The assembled villagers praised his comeliness, and her radiant beauty. Bells chimed joyfully, loving faces smiled upon the happy pair, warm hearts wished them prosperity.

Mrs. Conway's kiss on Agnes' rosy lips, when the wedding-party gathered after the service in the small quaint vestry, had been almost as fond as that of Mrs. Denys. Mr. Denys' costly gift—her "father's" he loved to call himself—sparkled on Agnes' breast with dazzling lustre as the diamonds flashed in the sunlight.

But dearer and sweeter than all was the trustful love in the eyes of both husband and wife as Agnes raised hers to Stephen at last, when they passed the place where they had met in sorrow long months before—a sorrow which, with all the darkness of the past, did but enhance the perfect bliss of the smiling present.

[THE END]

A DELICACY OF CIVILIZATION.—To a grand dinner, given the other day at Belgrade by an august personage to some foreign dignitaries of distinction visiting the Serbian capital, several members of the Skuptschina, or National Parliament had been invited. One of the alien guests, a well-known French financier, happened to sit next to a Serbian M. P., and was considerably diverted by his quaint expedients for dealing with certain attributes of civilization obviously unfamiliar with him. At the end of the feast the Frenchman selected a tooth-pick from a tray and passed the receptacle to his neighbor, who declined his offer, saying, "No, I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more."



## MAIDENHOOD.

Happy heart, devoid of care,  
Shines from azure eyes.  
Personated innocence  
In a maiden's guise.

Waving locks of curling hair  
Straying o'er a face,  
Where each curl and dimple holds  
Smiles of winning grace.

Drooping lashes, resting oft  
On a cheek that glows  
With the softest, richest tints  
Of an autumn rose.

Childhood's free and joyous grace,  
Shining face and form.  
Tempered with sweet dignity—  
Woman's priceless charm.

Heart so eager to possess  
Cares not understood;  
Sweet, pathetic innocence—  
This is maidenhood.

## Engaged.

BY G. G.

CHRISTMAS EVE. A real, good, old-fashioned Christmas Eve. The air clear, cold and frosty, and the ground like iron, making the horses' hoofs resound again, as they clattered through the star-lit night, and then dying away in the distance with a peculiar melancholy cadence.

On the high road, carriage after carriage went bowling along, all in the direction of a picturesque, gabled, red house, nestling in a deep hollow. A house which was just then throwing out welcoming lights from all the windows, and from which came the faint sound of music.

Inside the house life and gaiety.

The hostess, a slim, graceful, dignified woman, with a sweet, gentle face, and wonderful eyes, looking scarcely a day older than her own daughters, was standing, between the intervals of receiving her guests, talking to a tall, good-looking man who had just arrived.

"We had not intended having a real ball," she was saying. "In the first place we had arranged to have some private theatricals—Irene is so fond of acting—and had engaged a professional to coach up the amateurs. Then we found we could not manage it; the stage was too small for the play, Irene was unable to get the dresses she wanted, and so we abandoned the idea altogether."

"Has Miss Dolbin ever acted before?" he asked, with a slight contraction of his brows.

"Oh! dear, yes!" was the answer. "She is devoted to it. This professional—who is the son of an old college friend of my husband's, and is still staying with us—tells me he considers she has exceptional talent in that way, and that it is such a pity she does not follow it up."

"But surely—" he was beginning, when there was the sound of fresh arrivals, and while Mrs. Dolbin was greeting them, he, Arthur Grestorex, made his way into the ball-room, coming face to face with one of his brother-officers, who looked at him in astonishment.

"Hullo! old man," exclaimed the latter. "So you have come after all?"

"Looks like it," was the brief reply. "Who's that tall, lanky girl in pink with the perpetual smile? And who's the man she's dancing with?"

"That tall, lanky girl in pink, is Lady Theodosia Brooklet, and the man she is dancing with is George Goming, the actor. I mean to have a try for Lady Theodosia myself. She has three thousand a year, my boy, and my own good looks and noble bearing will make up for any deficiency on her part."

"What an ass you are, Hythe!" laughed Grestorex, for Hythe's short stature and ugly, good-humored face was the theme of many a joke in the regiment, Hythe himself enjoying it as much as anyone.

A girl, in a soft white dress, stopped close to them, and began talking to her partner. Turning her head presently, she caught sight of Grestorex, and nodded. She was marvellously pretty, lovely in fact. A soft, peachy complexion, large dark eyes that shone like stars under the delicate eyebrows, bright red lips, just a trifle full, and a neck like snow.

When the dance was over, and the couples were making a move, Arthur went up to her.

"May I have a dance?" he asked abruptly.

"You may," she answered brightly, "if you could contrive to look a little better-sampared."

He made no answer, but taking her pro-

gramme, filled up several dances, and returned it.

"How did you get here?" she asked.

"Walked," curtly. Then in another tone, "Come into the conservatory, Irene."

For just a moment she hesitated, then put her hand on his arm.

"Well! have you forgiven me yet?" she asked lightly, when they had settled themselves under a huge shady palm.

Arthur Grestorex caught her hand in his.

"Don't, Irene," he whispered imploringly, and his voice vibrated with deep feeling, while the hand which held hers trembled. "Don't begin it all over again. I—I want to tell you something."

He had often wanted to "tell her something" before, and she, divining, with her woman's instinct, what was coming had always put him off in some way or another, but to-night she felt that he would not be put off, and waited nervously.

"Irene," he went on, and his whole soul seemed to go out to her in supplication and entreaty, "you know I love you. That I have loved you for a very long time. Could you—do you think—in time—care for me just a little?"

He waited breathlessly, for his whole future depended on her answer. With her, he could and would do anything, but without her—merciful heaven!

Irene answered nothing, little realizing, like many other women, the agony those few seconds are to a man whose whole soul is hanging on the answer.

Dancing had evidently begun again, for the rollicking strains of a hackneyed popular air were being played to a "Pas de Quatre." It jarred on Grestorex inexpressibly.

"For heaven's sake, say something," he said impatiently.

"What can I say?" asked Irene vaguely, unfurling her fan, and regarding the feathery tips with a critical air.

Grestorex regarded her silently for a few seconds, taking in the dainty picture she made, sitting under the green palm; the pretty, moustached mouth, the long dark lashes nearly resting on her cheek, and the small gloved hands furling and unfurling the fan. He began slowly to realize that she could never be his, and a great throb of agony quivered through his very soul. Why, too, just at that moment should all the disparaging tales he had heard of her flitting come home to him?

A hard, indescribable look passed over his face, leaving it white and drawn.

"What indeed?" he asked bitterly.

"You have had your amusement, and I—I have had a lesson. We go to India next month, as you know, so I shall not trouble you much longer. Shall we go back to the others?"

He offered his arm with studious politeness, expecting Irene to take it as she had so often taken it before with a cool, nonchalant air.

Instead of which she suddenly dropped her fan, and held out her hands to him with a little beseeching gesture.

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur!" she said, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears, and her mouth quivering painfully.

"My darling," he whispered tenderly, and the next moment he had taken her in his arms, and the only cloud in his perfect happiness was the shadow of the coming war in which he was to take part.

Later on in the evening, they found themselves again in the conservatory, and as they moved towards the palm, a couple rose up and went out, the man turning round to smile at Irene.

An angry flush rose to Arthur's face.

"Is that the actor?" he asked, rather brusquely.

"Yes," answered Irene. "He came down to coach us up, you know. I am sorry it all fell through—the theatricals I mean."

"I am exceedingly glad," said Grestorex, "I detect theatricals, especially private ones. Do you know, Irene," he went on gravely, "that last week I actually heard you had engaged yourself to that man."

It was Irene's turn to flush now. She laughed uneasily.

"We all have our fancies," she said evasively. "I never know my own mind two days running."

Grestorex felt troubled, uneasy. Why, he wondered, in spite of his great love for her, should he have these horrible doubts as to whether, after all, she would not think differently in the morning? He tried to put it away from him, not to think of it, but the doubts were there still, and he was fully conscious of it.

"I heard you had several drives with this Goming," he said, quietly.

"Yes," said Irene, with a little sigh of weariness. "But do you think it wise to

listen to all people say? And don't begin by being jealous, Arthur."

Now, nothing annoys a man more than to be told he is jealous, especially when it is true. But, after all, why should he care what people said? He had got her for his own, and that was enough for him. So he took no notice of the latter part of Irene's little speech, but gave himself up to the happiness of the present time—a time which came back to him like a blissful dream, in the miserable, weary months which followed.

"She broke off her engagement with George Goming only this morning, and—" "Who? Miss Dolbin?"

"Yes, she told me so herself."

"Goming doesn't appear to be much put out about it."

"Oh! plenty of other girls to be had," was the answer, and the voices died away in the distance.

Arthur Grestorex was fetching Irene an ice, and passing through one of the rooms, had quite unintentionally overheard the preceding conversation, carried on in a low tone by two men going the other way.

He stood quite still for a few seconds, his face perfectly livid, and his breath coming in short quick gasps. Then he made his way back to Irene.

"Where is the ice?" she asked, laughingly.

Arthur stood in front of her, and vouchsafed no answer to her question.

"Is it true—" he asked sternly, and his look terrified her. "Is it true that you broke your engagement with the actor only this morning?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly. "But—Arthur—I thought you would be pleased."

He looked at her incredulously.

"Thought I should be pleased!" he repeated, with cutting sarcasm. "My God! what do you take me for? There are limits, even to my patience and endurance, and I tell you plainly I have had enough of it. I have finished with you."

"But, Arthur, listen," she said beseechingly, and she got up and put her hands on his arm, as if to compel him to do so. "I will explain it to you, and—"

"I want no explanations," he said, curtly, and he took her hands off gently, but decidedly, "and will listen to none. Let me be. You have fooled me long enough. My life was sad enough before you came into it; you have made it still more sad. I wish you better luck in your venture."

"Arthur!" the girl said, helplessly, stung and wounded to the quick, but Arthur had gone.

The dancing went on as merrily as ever. A young curate, who talked at the top of his voice, was making inane remarks in a breathless manner, as he flopped his feet about in the most extraordinary way. A subaltern, who held his partner at arm's length, and yet appeared to be making spasmodic efforts to get nearer all the time, was getting his temperature up to an alarming degree, and a youth of seventeen with the airs of a man of the world, was looking on with a bored expression twirling the ends of an invisible moustache.

Irene was whirling round with the rest, wondering how every one could look so happy, while her heart was breaking; and a man was standing bare-headed in the frosty air outside, cursing his fate, and deciding, in his own mind, as a sort of revenge to mankind in general, that he would, from henceforth, go to the dogs.

Hythe suddenly put his head out of a window just above him.

"Hullo! old chap!" he said, cheerily. "Soliloquizing in the moonlight? I'm just going to make myself agreeable to the Lady Theodosia. Nice girl, though a trifle bony. Like to be best man at the wedding?"

"Go to the deuce!" was the surly answer.

In the early dawn of a Christmas morning, Irene was kneeling, her head in her mother's lap, her bright hair all dishevelled, and her pretty eyes red and swollen with crying. Mrs. Dolbin, her gentle face full of love and righteous indignation, was bending over her daughter with tender sympathy, whispering words of comfort.

"Be brave and bear it, darling," she said, caressing the girl's hair lovingly. "A man who could ask you to be his wife, and throw you over almost in the same breath for such a thing as that, is unworthy of you. Try and forget him. There are plenty of other men in the world."

Ah, yes! Plenty of other men, but for Irene there was only one face and form which she loved, only one voice she cared to hear, and without them the world

looked sad and dreary, and life not worth living.

A musical "At Home" in a London drawing room, or rather all over a London house, for there were guests on the stairs, guests on the landings, and guests in nearly every available room.

A man was slowly making his way up the stairs, wondering irritably to himself why in the world women went to the expense of having long tails to their dresses? They were always obliged to carry them over their arms, and in consequence had a most unpleasant way of sticking their elbows in the waistcoat of the unlucky individual behind them.

The man was Arthur Grestorex, and he had lately returned from India on sick leave, not on account of the war—which had only been a skirmish with the Sepoys after all—but in consequence of the fever, which he had had badly.

Suddenly he started, for just in front of him he saw a face with dark eyes and delicate eyebrows, framed with pretty, bright hair. He knew only too well who it was, and felt mad with himself for having risked this meeting, for he had known, before coming, that it was just possible she would be there. And yet he had felt so sure of himself! Had felt so positive that whether he met her or not, it would be a matter of perfect indifference to him. And that if he saw he would only look at her as he looked at all women now with an impartial, careless glance.

And yet now he was quivering from head to foot; his heart was beating wildly, and he felt choking—stifling!

Irene was married now of course. He had heard just before going to India, that she had renewed her engagement with George Goming, being evidently one of those versatile beings who are no sooner off with the old love than they are on with the new.

Then soon after his arrival out there had come news of the wedding.

Well! he only hoped they had been happy, but certainly Irene did not look happy. There was a weary, bored expression on her face, which was thinner and more transparent than of yore. Her eyes seemed to have grown larger too, and she looked much older. Perhaps the brute ill-treated her, he thought to himself savagely, and was surprised to find himself longing to kick him.

Just then there was a general move up, and Grestorex found himself next to Irene, on one of the landings. Her train had slipped down, and in raising her head after picking it up, her eyes met Arthur's.

There was an almost imperceptible pause. Then she held out her hand, calmly, coldly.

"How do you do?" she said quietly. "I hope you are better? What a fearful crash, is it not?"

Arthur Grestorex experienced a kind of shock. He had expected Irene to give herself airs, and, naturally, to be a little confused on first meeting him, but he had never dreamt of her greeting him in this manner. He felt, too, that she had in some unaccountable way, decidedly got the best of the situation, and, man-like, resented it.

"Awful," he said irritably, "can't see the pleasure of a thing like this myself."

Then seeing Irene looked very white:

"Can I get you anything?" he asked.

"No, thank you,"—frigidly—"it is the heat, that's all."

"Come in here," Arthur said, drawing back the curtain of a small alcove. Having found her a seat, there was an embarrassed silence, which was broken by Arthur.

"You are looking rather done up," he said kindly, biting his moustache, and looking at her reflectively. He had intended being just decently civil, but, of course, if the girl wasn't well, that was another matter.

"I have been ill," she answered coldly, and her manner implied that she declined to discuss it.

"You have been abroad, have you not?" asked Grestorex, presently, feeling that he must say something.

"Yes, we have been on tour. Mr. Goming thought it would be a speculation, instead of which it has been a dead loss."

A frown gathered on Arthur's face.

"You have been acting, I suppose?" he said. The idea of a delicately-nurtured woman being able to stand before a whole sea of faces, subject to the vulgar gaze and impertinent remarks of the public, touched one of the inner fibres of his nature, and set it jarring.

"A little. I was to have taken the leading part, but I was ill, so had to give up



It was a great disappointment to me. I love acting!"

She said it defiantly, and her eyes flashed a proud challenge at him. But Grestorex said nothing. What right had he, even to discuss her affairs in any way? She was another man's wife now, and why on earth had her husband allowed her to come here alone? Young and pretty as she was, she should have had someone to look after her.

Arthur's musings were, however, here interrupted by Irene.

"I must find mother," she said, getting up. "We've got separated in some way."

"Is Mrs. Dolbin here?" Arthur asked, who felt he did nothing but asked questions.

Irene's delicate eyebrows went up in surprise.

"Certainly," she said. "You did not suppose I came alone?"

"I thought perhaps, your husband was—not well," he answered lamely.

Irene's eyebrows went up higher still, and she crimsoned to the roots of her hair.

"I have no husband," she said abruptly.

"Oh! I am so sorry," stammered Arthur. "I—er—I hadn't heard, you know."

Irene looked at him in mute astonishment, while Grestorex felt ready to bite his tongue out. What an idiot he had made of himself! Of course Goming must be dead. That accounted for the black-and-white affair she had on, and yet—surely—

"I have only just returned from India," he explained. "I suppose that is why I had not heard of Mr. Goming's death. I hope you will—"

"Mr. Goming is not dead," said Irene, who began to think India had affected his brain. "He is here to-night with his wife."

His wife! Then what on earth—

Slowly and surely a conviction began to force itself on Arthur Grestorex's mind.

"Irene," he said in a hushed tone, and the sweet familiar name slipped out unaware. "There has been some terrible mistake somewhere. Tell me—for heaven's sake—were you ever engaged to be married to George Goming?"

Irene looked at him silently for a moment, impressed by his tone and manner.

"Ever engaged to be married to George Goming?" she repeated. "Most certainly not! Why, he was engaged to the girl who is now his wife before I knew him."

"You told me yourself last Christmas Eve," went on Grestorex, as if imploring her not to tell him he had misjudged her, "that you had only broken off your engagement with him that morning."

Irene began dimly to comprehend that they had been at cross purposes all the time.

"I entered into an engagement with George Goming," she said quietly, "to go with him as leading lady on a tour. His wife is a great friend of mine. I broke the engagement last Christmas Eve for—various reasons. Did you indeed deem me capable of jilting one man and accepting another on the same day?"

A gleam of anger came into her usually soft, gentle eyes, and her lips tightened involuntarily.

An agonizing feeling of regret, remorse, despair came into Grestorex's heart. How could he have been such a fool? And as he thought of the past year, a great wave of love and pity took possession of him for poor Irene, on whom he had brought such cruel pain and misery, all because he would not listen to a simple explanation but preferred to draw his own hasty conclusions.

"Oh, my darling!" he said passionately, holding out both hands with a supplicating gesture. "Can you ever forgive me?"

And Irene, although she had vowed, times without number, that she never could, never would forgive him, at the sight of the face she still loved so dearly, at the tender manly voice, the only one, in spite of her flirtations, that she had ever cared to listen to, forgot all her vows, and forgave him.

Christmas Eve again. The same house under very similar circumstances. Lights, music and dancing, and in the conservatory two people sitting under a shady palm.

"You don't mind giving up your acting to please me?" Grestorex was saying to Irene, who looked charming with a fluffy white feather bow round her throat.

"Not a bit," she said decidedly. "I really did it in the first place, partly to pass the time, and," mischievously, "partly to tease you. But," with a little cooing, "we will have no more teasing or—flirting."

A man came hastily in. It was Hytha, who looked warm and excited.

"My dear fellow," he cried, going up to Grestorex, with a beaming face. "Congratulations! I am engaged to the Lady Theodora Brooklet!"

#### ABOUT DIAMONDS.

THE diamonds earliest known to the Romans were furnished by Ethiopia; but when Pliny wrote in the beginning of the Christian era they had already been brought from India, and thenceforth, until the eighteenth century, no diamond mines were known but those of the East Indies, in the empire of the Great Mogul, and of Borneo.

The first reliable accounts we obtained of the diamonds in India were from traveling merchant-jewelers, the most noted of whom was Tavernier. He was born in Paris in 1605, and spent forty years of his life traveling in the East, where he made a large fortune by trading in precious stones. He was the first to give a detailed account of the diamond mines, the manner in which they were worked, and the trade carried on in them.

Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century had the question been asked, "Where is the home of the diamond?" the answer would certainly have been "Asia;" and if for "the best home in Asia?" the reply would surely have been "Golconda."

But now, with increased knowledge and experience, we should acknowledge that the localities of the diamond are not confined to India, but include Sumatra, Borneo, Brazil, South Africa, parts of North America, and Australia. It is true that the first diamonds known to European trade were brought from Golconda. The discovery of these mines is attributed to a poor shepherd, who, while tending his flock, stumbled upon what appeared to be a pretty pebble.

It must be remembered that there is nothing very attractive about the diamond in its rough state; there is neither brilliancy nor play of light to be seen. It has been thought that mines of precious stones emit light like stars; but this is not so, as the qualities of brilliancy and light are not only brought out after man has removed the covering.

Well, the shepherd, knowing nothing of its value, exchanged it with a friend, as ignorant as himself, for a little rice. It subsequently fell into the hands of a merchant, who recognized its worth and eagerly sought for the home whence it had come. He found it and other mines as well, not in Golconda itself, but five or six days' journey from it, at the foot of the mountains near to the Kistna and Pomar rivers.

When the diamonds were found in these mines, they were taken in the rough to Golconda, there to be cut, polished, and stored, and therefore called Golconda diamonds. The ground in which they were found was sandy, and full of rocks which contained many veins and fissures; the miners probed these with little iron rods crooked at the end, dislodging the sandy earth. Unfortunately, they were not always content with this, but gave the rocks such hard blows with levers of iron that they frequently produced flaws in the diamonds embedded within them. The next process was to well wash and carefully search the material, to see if it had any diamonds.

In 1639, there were as many as sixty thousand people at work in these special diamond mines. The number and size of the diamonds discovered were remarkable, but they were not, as a rule, of the finest water; to fulfil this condition "a diamond should be like a dew-drop hanging from a damask rose-leaf."

Tavernier asserted that the Great Mogul Diamond was found in one of these mines; if so, it was quite sufficient to distinguish these so-called Golconda mines, for few diamonds have had such a career. Indeed, the adventures and incidents belonging to it are startling. The time of its first appearance in the world (1639 to 1651) was one of trouble and conflict both in England and in India, and, like all other great diamonds, it seemed to bring ill-luck to its possessor.

Tavernier, who was the first European to see it, spoke of it as the heaviest of which he had any knowledge, and weighed in the rough 793½ carats. At the time he saw it was in the Palace of Agra, which was for the time turned into the prison of the dethroned and stricken Mogul.

Brought to light in the midst of tumults and wars, the Great Mogul Diamond, after an existence of two hundred years, went out with the expiring flames

of a great rebellion known in history as the Indian Mutiny."

It was probably stolen either at the sack of Delhi or at the death of Nadir Shah, and in order to avoid detection the thieves most likely had it broken by cleavage into two or more stones.

It will be a surprise to many that the chief negotiators in the sale of Golconda diamonds were boys under sixteen years of age. Tavernier gives a very pretty description of the way they conducted their business:

"It is pleasant to see the children of merchants and other people of the country, between the age of ten and fifteen, coming every morning and seating themselves under a large in the market-place of the town. Each has his diamond-weights in a little pouch hanging on one side, and at the other a purse attached to his girdle. There they sit and wait until someone comes from the neighborhood or from the mines to sell them diamonds. The new comer places the gem in the hands of the eldest of the boys, who is, as it were, the chief of the band. He looks at it, and hands it to the one next him, and so it passes from hand to hand in perfect silence till it returns to the first, who asks the price, in order, if possible, to make a bargain; and if the little man happens to buy it too dear, he has to take it on his own account. As soon as evening comes, the boys bring together all the stones they have bought during the day, examine them according to their beauty, their weight, and their clearness; then they put upon each its price at which they intend to sell to the merchants, and by the latter price they see how much profit they will have. They now carry them to the large merchants, and all the profits are divided among the boys, the one who acts as chief receiving one-fourth per cent. more than the others. Young as they are, they know the price of every stone."

It seems as though the diamond, from the first moment in which it is seen, sharpens the wits and arouses ambition for gain. Even the poor slave in the days long gone by managed, as now, to elude the sleepless vigilance of the overseers. In one of these so-called Golconda mines Tavernier saw a poor creature, who desired to keep a large diamond for himself, force it in the corner of his eye so as completely to conceal it.

That things are no better to-day, one has only to state what occurred a few months ago at the Cape. A known diamond thief was seen to leave Kimberley on horseback for the Transvaal; the police felt certain of the object of the man's journey, and seized him on the border and thoroughly searched him, and as nothing was found on him, they had to let him go. When well across the border and under the eyes of the detective, he shot and cut open his horse, extracting a large parcel of diamonds from its intestines, which, before starting on his journey, he had given to the horse in the shape of a ball.

Many of the mines round about Golconda, which were once so prolific, seem now to be quite exhausted. But in their place Brazil came to the front in a curious manner. In 1730, some singular pebbles were found by miners while searching for gold; these they carried home to their masters as curiosities. These in their turn regarded them as pretty baubles merely, and they either gave them to their children as playthings, or used them as counters.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR POISON IVY.—A friend, who is very susceptible to poison oak or ivy, and who has suffered terribly from it, tells me that the best thing he has found is the tincture of grandella. Dilute it with about three parts of water and bathe the affected parts. It should be applied as soon as the irritation is felt and before the characteristic pustules appear. Applied at this time it will prevent the formation of the pustules, and soon check the irritation. But if not applied until the pustules appear it will only prevent the formation of new pustules and thus check the spreading of the affection to other parts; the pustules that are already formed will simply take their course without spreading. The diluted tincture should be applied to the affected parts as often as two or three times every hour.

DISAPPOINTMENT is the lot of mortality. This is an old saying, and to some extent it expresses the experience of every human being. There is no one in whose life some morning of sunshine and brightness has not proved the opening of a day overcast with clouds, and perhaps made gloomy and terrific with storms.

## Scientific and Useful.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE HUMAN VOICE.—At the recent meeting of the American Association, there was described a method of photographing the vocal cords in action, and at the same time a method of voice analysis, which will enable a singer to see every tone in his voice.

A WATER CYCLE.—A Lewiston young man is making a winter cycle. It has two runners, one ahead of the other, and between them is a pair of treadles like those on a bicycle. From these to a heavy balanced wheel in the rear runs an endless chain, and this wheel turns a small drive wheel with spurs to stick into the snow. He thinks that he can travel along hard beaten country roads with this as easy as on a cycle.

THE SKIN.—A process has been patented in Germany for making a substitute for the natural skin for use in wounds. The muscular coating of the intestines of animals is divested of mucous membrane, and then treated in a pepsin solution until the muscular fibres are half digested. After a second treatment with tannin and gallic acid, a tissue is made which can take the place of the natural skin, and which, when laid on the wound, is entirely absorbed during the healing process.

BULLET-PROOF VESTS.—An excellent bullet-proof shield can, it seems, be manipulated by wearing silk floss underneath the uniform. A correspondent writing from Yokohama says that the Japanese, to keep out the cold, wore a quantity of this material under their clothes, with the result that in many cases it acted as a bullet-proof vest. Many must have remarked and wondered why it was that, although the fights in Manchuria were said to have been so severe, the Japanese losses were invariably very few, and those of the Chinese extremely heavy. Much of the disparity in the losses of the two combatants was due to bad marksmanship on the Chinese, but a great part of the immunity of the Japanese from the bullets of their antagonists was due to their wearing floss silk.

## Farm and Garden.

HENS.—In connection with other food, supply hens with bran. It contains mineral matters which they need, and in which many grains are deficient. It is also valuable for its nitrogen and carbon.

SUNLIGHT.—The tops of plants and trees want heat and sunlight, but the roots need shade and moisture. Utilize all the vegetable rubbish on the farm for mulching purposes. Thousands of tons of such material are wasted because its value is not appreciated, or even known.

BULL CALVES.—Never make the mistake of raising your graded bull calves, for if your cows from a thoroughbred are none too good for you, allow neither yourself nor your neighbor to deteriorate herds which are valuable by breeding in a way which can bring disappointment only. There is an economy which tends only to ruin.

PEACHES AND APPLES.—If impatient with the slowness of your investment, peach trees may be planted among the apples. The latter should be 30 feet apart each way, giving 19 trees to the acre. The peaches grow more quickly, give protection to the apples, pass their season of productiveness before the apples attain their growth, and may then be removed. The peach trees especially will need be cultivated and pushed from the start.

HOW TO DISTINGUISH OLEOMARGARINE.—Oleomargarine is subjected to heavy pressure to express all extraneous matter; consequently, when ready for sale, it presents a perfectly compact homogeneous mass. In order to detect it, take a smooth-bladed knife and cut the "butter." It presents where cut a perfectly smooth surface, while genuine butter, when cut with a knife, does not present such an appearance, for water will be found oozing out and numerous small holes will appear. With this simple guide, no one need be deceived as to the article they purchase.

A LINGERING AND GENERALLY FATAL DISEASE often results from a severe cold left to take care of itself. Better prudently resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectant on the first symptom of a Cough and Cold, and so avoid planting in the system the seeds of an incurable Lung or Throat complaint.





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## About the Day.

If we cast our eye along the year and notice each of its more-easily-remembered sections or days, we shall instantly recognize that no period is so clearly or pleasantly distinguished as Christmas.

The great carnival of sentiment, never fails us, and always brings its own atmosphere, whatever the weather may be. It has a distinctive unchanging influence, so broad and penetrating that none may escape it.

The universality of the Christmas sentiment looks more wonderful the more closely one regards it. Suppose we were to try to start a new commemoration of a somewhat similar character; how impossible it would be to secure unanimity of sentiment and a thoroughly national co-operation! Even a holiday officially decreed, when holidays are most required, does not win the adhesion of anything like the whole population, and is hailed with an outpouring of enthusiasm only by a small minority.

Sunday, notwithstanding the chances of moving the minds of men through its religious character and its frequent recurrence, is not quite a common and universal influence even from the point of view of rest. Christmas probably comes nearer affecting, for the time being, the lives and thoughts of a whole people than any other institution whatsoever.

Who is there that eludes its appeal? The godly and the roystering are alike swept into its net. The rich prepare for it with long elaboration, as a period of very special duty; the poor look upon it as a time when the heart of a too-often-forgotten world warms towards them. The very tramps, who find their biggest joy in being wholly unattached to society, begin to move into the cosiest and most philanthropic quarters as Christmas approaches; while the pathetic poor, who have fallen out in the march and been deposited in the workhouse, are in some cases fed and entertained till they are cheered back almost into the ruddy glow of their prime.

The number of those who are imperious to all Christmas influences must be very small. We can no more get a universally-operative sentiment among our countrymen than we can get a vacuum; but Christmas most nearly accomplishes the feat.

We cannot wonder that Christmas is felt by all, and felt by all as good, if we consider how robust and genuinely virtuous are the special thoughts of the time. They appeal only to the better side of human nature. There is no other period of the year, for instance, that is associated with family unity.

The Christmas present diffuses afresh the family feeling without bringing into relief any of the points of difference that must in the past have robbed big family gatherings of some of their placidity and satisfaction. And still, of course, the family intimates meet and fan afresh the flame of affection at the moment when all hearts are most sus-

ceptible. Little clashings of interests are forgotten, heart-burnings sink low, the "bars that sever" fade into transparency, and slackened bonds are once more made taut by memory. Christmas is a kind of yearly jubilee, when relatives escape back to the common hearth from the enslavement of coldness, forgetfulness, occupation and estrangement.

Great as is the influence of Christmas through its revival of family associations, that phase of the festival alone would not have given it so large a place in the world's thought as it now holds. An outpouring of good feeling similar to that which irradiates our family relationships is cast upon all who come within range of our personality.

If we do not lay down our weapons of defence against the enemy who misreads our motives, distorts our character, and sustains a prowling jealousy, we at least call a truce within our own minds and haply ask ourselves whether we have slipped into a similar censoriousness and injustice. If any one needs forgiveness, now is the time to get it.

The most perverted heart and judgment will sometimes admit a purifying gleam of truth at Christmas-time. And, if this pacific mood makes agreement with our adversary easy, how much more briskly does the fire of humanity glow within us at the thought of our friends! This is a time when we think of them only at their best, recalling all instances of nice consideration, sunning ourselves in the warmth of their generous affection, sharing anew the piquancy of our brightest common experiences.

But the influence of Christmas is wider than all this; it does more than mingle with our thoughts respecting those whose lives are interwoven pleasantly or banefully with our own. It not only renews the family bond, refreshes friendship, neutralizes enmity, and suggests the lasting virtue of forgiveness, but it puts a softening finger on us and gives us "a heart of flesh" as we think of our neighbors generally. Somehow a sense of warmth is inalienable from the idea of Christmas.

The most shrivelled heart feels a more generous flow of blood. The niggardly forget their pinching for the moment, the indifferent are warmed into good nature, and the good-natured bubble forth irresistibly into jollity. Looking into men's hearts, we see that Christmas half transforms our native world. Alas that the change should be only an interlude—that we should slip back into care and sourness and a sterner judgment!

The struggle is too much for us all through the year; but we hold fast to a remnant of cheerfulness which bursts forth into jollity and roystering triumph at one brief period. The excesses of Christmas are half due to the fact that it "comes but once a year." We could wish for more practice in this robust merriment, more of this life cast on broader lines, full-savored with feeling. For the relish of Christmas is not debased by selfishness, since, besides being the great occasion for personal pleasure, it is only the grand annual festival of charity.

There is no season at which men appear so broadly human as at Christmas. That is illustrated by the religious aspect of the time. Often religion is inclined to be solitary, downcast, introspective, bloodless; but then religion belongs to the healthy world; it is hearty, hopeful, cheerful and practical. It is religion in the major key. The poor little whiffling differences of small minds are forgotten.

"On earth peace, goodwill towards men," a generous care for our fellows, and a stout-hearted and merry philosophy are good things that we can all understand and appreciate. If any however cannot content themselves without more mystery, Christmas is quite ready with a big stock of piquant superstition. We have not even yet got free from the pagan rites and tremors and exces-

ses of our remote ancestors, though the association of Christianity with the unconquerable superstitions of the mid-winter holiday has almost transfigured practices that were indefensible, and we laugh at the old fears and give another meaning to ancient follies. Still who would be without his due allowance of Christmas ghosts?

Indeed considering all these attractions, sentimental and moral, material and dramatic, can we wonder that Christmas takes the first place among the commemorations by which men have brightened the course of the year?

Of all times in the year the Christmas-tide is that at which hearts and purse-strings should open widest in thoughts and deeds of charity. Those should give who never gave before, and those who are charitable always should at this season give the more. Some of our overflow of happiness should not fail to reach the poor and miserable, whom Father Christmas, an aristocratic fellow, is otherwise apt to slight. "To give is more blessed than to receive," especially when with so little so much happiness may be brought about. The most of those best able to give, who are apt to be personally unacquainted with the misery of our great city and the proper ways for its relief, will do well to distribute their bounty through the regularly organized channels, which reach all classes.

It is very common for young men nowadays to study how little they can make suffice in the way of the labor they perform for their employers, rather than how much they can possibly do to render themselves useful. We say this is common now, and we suppose it always has been common. But we think it will be found on examination never to have been the course pursued by men who in after-life became distinguished for their success. Such men worked for their employers as afterwards, when they got into business on their own account, they worked for themselves.

The value of a gift consists not in its costliness or rarity, but in the feelings of affection, or regard, or sympathy, or honor which it is supposed to carry. It is time that both giver and receiver realized this. Too often the spirit of Christmas is utterly sacrificed in the contest between the desire to spend and the duty of refraining. For a gift to be worth the giving, no sacrifice of duty must have entered into it. A tiny flower given in love and simplicity is better than a rare and costly gem procured with worry, anxiety, and doubt.

We cannot take too much pains in forming our decisions upon conduct, for there is always a possibility of error in our judgments; but when our judgments are formed, we ought to give free scope to the emotions which they naturally evoke, and then we shall develop a conscience at once enlightened and sensitive, we shall combine accuracy and justness of judgment with delicacy and strength of feeling.

We should never forget at Christmas that to mind and heart vacant chairs never can be empty. Our departed ones are those that never leave us. Those whom we can see no more with physical eyes are notwithstanding never absent from our midst.

THERE is a care for trifles which proceeds from love of conscience and is most holy; and a care for trifles which comes of idleness and frivolity, and is most base.

REAL fidelity may be rare, but it is real. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

You must love in order to understand love. One act of charity will teach us more of the love of God than a thousand sermons.

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

C. E. D.—For the book you inquire about, if such a one is published, address "The Scientific American," New York city.

T. O.—The cestus was a girdle worn just under the chest. The zone was worn around the waist. Venus' girdle was sparkling with gems, and was supposed to make the wearer beautiful. Therefore Juno borrowed it to win back the love of Jupiter, her faithless husband. "You have borrowed the cestus of Venus to night," is a compliment that means you are unusually charming to-night.

ALICE B.—Many people suppose that the X in Xmas represents the cross, and wonder that it is not written  $\dagger$ mas. The X, however, has nothing to do with the cross. It is the Greek letter Chi, corresponding to ch in our language, and is the initial letter in the Greek name (Christos, but we have no type in the Greek alphabet to reproduce it) of Christ. The two words Christ-mas were often written Xmas before Christmas became one word, and this use of the X is almost as old as Christianity itself.

D. W. P.—There is a very good reason to believe Egypt was the first country in which the art of medicine was cultivated with any degree of success, the office of the priest and the physician being probably combined in the same person. In the writings of Moses there are various allusions to the practice of medicine among the Jews, especially with reference to the treatment of leprosy. The priests were the physicians, and their treatment mainly aimed at promoting cleanliness and preventing contagion.

BRIAN.—A civil engineer should have a good mathematical education; he should know something of the methods by which the rules governing the strength of materials have been determined, as well as the rules themselves; he must be something of a draftsman, and, above all, he must have a practical knowledge of the use of instruments. It is true that a man may do very useful work with only the last two qualifications, but in most cases he will be passed in a few years by a better educated competitor. Of course, good health and a fair amount of bodily strength are of great advantage to a surveyor, but not much more so than to a member of any other profession.

B. C. W.—Dr. Franklin, when he was a young printer, formed the first reading club in America in a very simple way. He persuaded some of his acquaintances to bring their books to a room that was provided, so that every member of the club could have the advantage of reading books which he could not afford to purchase. From that simple beginning there grew up one of the greatest societies of the kind in the world. You can imitate Dr. Franklin's example. Begin your reading club in a simple and inexpensive way, and adopt such rules and regulations, from time to time, as experience shall show that you need in order to have it work successfully.

J. D. W.—Tennis is a game of great antiquity, being taken from a similar game played by the Greeks and Romans. Under the name of paume (given to it from the ball being at that time struck with the palm of the hand), it is noticed in the earlier records of King Arthur. It was very popular during the fifteenth century among the French, and about this time the use of a heavy glove to protect the hand in striking the ball was introduced, and a further improvement was subsequently made by the adoption of the racket. Many modifications have been introduced, but the legitimate descendant of the paume and tennis of former days is the present game of racket, which is played in an almost identical manner. The modern game of lawn-tennis is a greatly modified form of that described above.

L. D. C.—Forgery was first punished by death in England in 1534. Daniel and Robert Perreau, brothers and wine merchants, were hanged at Tyburn, January 17, 1778. The Rev. Dr. Dodd was found guilty of forging a bond, in the name of Lord Chesterfield, for £4,200. The case excited the greatest interest, and every effort was made by the men of the highest influence to save him; but when the petition for pardon came to the Council, the minister of the day said to George III., "If your majesty pardon Dr. Dodd you will have murdered the Perreaus;" and he was hanged accordingly, June 27, 1777. Henry Fauntleroy, a London banker, was hanged November 30, 1824, and Joseph Hutton, a Quaker merchant, suffered the same penalty, December 8, 1828. The last criminal hanged for forgery at the Old Bailey was Thomas Maynard, December 31, 1829.

C. C. A.—Robert Houdin, the French conjurer, was born at Blois, where he died in 1871. He visited Algeria in 1856, and excelled the Arabs there in their own tricks. He had a great taste for mechanics, and while learning watchmaking perused works on natural magic, which inspired him with a taste for juggling. About the same time he became acquainted with a traveling juggler, which association stimulated his ambition to adopt juggling as a profession; but it was not until 1845 that he gave public exhibitions of his wonderful skill. At times he continued his mechanical pursuits, and in 1855, at the great Paris exhibition, he gained the gold medal for his scientific application of electricity to clocks. At one period of his life he lost all mental power for five years, in consequence of over study and application in the reconstruction of a complicated machine. He is said to have acquired a large fortune. Some of his works were translated and published in this country.



## SANTA CLAUS.

BY D. M.

Christmas eve is drawing near,  
With its hours of mirth and cheer,  
When we all in merry mood  
Are a band of children good,  
Waiting for the hour to come,  
When there's silence in our home,  
Hang the stockings up all right,  
Santa Claus will come to-night.

Did you hear the chimney creak?  
Bessie, Charlie, do not speak!  
Clara, you must hide your head  
'Neath the covers on the bed.  
Do not let him see your face,  
It would check the reindeer's pace;  
Hang your stocking up—oh, do!  
Santa Claus will come to you.

Christmas morning dawns so fair,  
Love is plenty everywhere;  
In the palace, in the cot,  
Little ones are not forgot!  
And the merry elf all know,  
Why such ceaseless blessings flow,  
Where the stockings hung with care,  
Santa Claus in love was there.

## A Pretty Pass.

BY G. L. R.

LOCKS in every quarter of the city were booming out the hour of midnight, while from tower and steeple bells were pealing merrily in honor of Christmas morning, as Arthur Sims, a clerk in one of the Bristol banks, walked briskly through the dreary slums which lie around the bottom of Christmas Steps.

The staff at the bank had been kept late at work that night, slaving away at the quarterly balance sheet, and it was an intense relief to Sims to feel the cool night-air fanning his head, which had become fairly dizzy from adding up figures and, long confinement in the heated atmosphere of the building.

For the next two days, however, he would be his own master; and his mind was full of pleasing anticipation of his well-earned holiday. In view of being kept late at the bank, he had made his plans so as to reach his father's rectory—twenty-five miles distant, in Somersetshire—by ten o'clock on Christmas morning. He had hired a dog cart with a fast-trotting horse to be ready at six o'clock, and had telegraphed home for the rectory dog-cart to meet him at West Harptree, which was just about half way between Bristol and his father's house.

He knew well enough that the old coachman, who had taught him to ride when he was a chubby-faced little boy, would never grudge the trouble of meeting him on Christmas Day, and he was smiling at the thought of the greeting which he would receive in the old Somersetshire home, when he suddenly became aware of hurrying footsteps and whispering voices.

He just caught the words "That's he, sure enough!" and then a myriad star seemed to dance before his eyes, a great darkness to envelop him, followed by a blank.

When he recovered consciousness, the dim light of the December morning was finding its way into a bare attic, where he lay stretched on the floor; rain was descending on the roof with a steady mournful patter.

He raised his hand to his aching head. Where could he be? he wondered, as he tried to collect his thoughts. Was he awake or was he dreaming? He groped about him, and the hard rough boards of the floor felt real enough. He smiled faintly.

Of course he must be dreaming. By Jove, though, it was no time for dreaming. He must be up and dressed by half-past five; and mechanically he stretched out his hand for the box of matches which always lay on the chair by the side of the bed.

Again his fingers came in contact with bare boards, instead of the cane bottom of the chair which he had expected to find.

He raised himself in a sitting posture, thoroughly awake now and convinced of the fact. But what did it all mean? Where was he? What had happened? How had he come here?

This was certainly not one of the rooms of his lodgings. He tried to collect his thoughts. Yes—he remembered now. He had left the bank and walked as far as the bottom of Christmas Steps; but at that point his memory failed him.

He began to feel uneasy; this was an entirely new experience. Had he had a fit? But, even if he had, the fact would not account for his being in his present quarters and alone.

He rose to his feet, feeling queer and giddy as he made the effort, and reached the door, only to discover that it was locked.

"Here's a pretty pass," he muttered—"a decent respectable bank clerk in the city of Bristol, at the close of the nineteenth century, kidnapped at midnight and locked up for no earthly reason in an attic goodness knows where. Perhaps it is a practical joke; but, if it is, it seems to me that it's an uncommonly poor one."

As the daylight became stronger, he looked at his watch, and discovered that it was past six o'clock. With an exclamation of disgust, which sounded strangely weird and hollow in the silent dimly-lighted room, he remembered that the conveyance which he had ordered would be waiting for him; and not only that, but the old coachman would be starting for West Harptree to meet him. What would they think at home when he did not arrive?

He tried the door again, with no better result than before; and several well-directed kicks produced no effect on the substantial panels.

He went to the window and looked out. So far as could be seen, there was no means of escape in that direction.

The leaden hours slowly wore away with no change and no prospect of change in his very disagreeable situation. He felt his position most keenly about one o'clock when he remembered he ought to have been sitting down with his father and mother and brothers and sisters to a substantial luncheon in the cheery dining-room at the rectory.

Then, again, every one would be wondering what had become of him, and would possibly be growing anxious. He was beginning to feel his position positively unbearable and to think that any change would be welcome, when suddenly he heard a light footstep running up the creaking stairs.

He was delighted at the prospect of delivery at last, for he had no doubt that the visitor would prove to be the perpetrator of the practical joke, and that his imprisonment would at once come to an end.

The key turned in the lock and the door opened. The man who entered was smartly dressed and loaded with flash jewelry. He was smoking a cigar, and looked the picture of health and bonhomie.

"Just the sort of fellow to play such a fool trick as this," Sims thought.

"Good morning, Mr. Luttrell!" said the stranger cheerfully, removing the cigar from between his lips as he locked the door behind him and put the key into his pocket.

"I hope that you have slept well and that you have had every thing you want! Not quite such good quarters as the Court, I'm afraid; still we can't always have things ready at a moment's notice, and, such as they are, they are quite at your service so long as you require them, which, by-the-by, is entirely a matter for your own convenience."

Sims stared. Was the man mad, or was this part of the joke? He scanned his visitor narrowly. He did not look like a lunatic, so Sims answered—

"I don't know in the least what you mean. I have never seen you in my life before. Mr. Luttrell I do know by sight. Perhaps you will kindly inform me what is the meaning of this?"

"Very well done, Mr. Luttrell," said the other—"very well done indeed! Allow me to congratulate you! You ought to have gone on the stage—indeed you ought! You would have been an ornament to the profession."

"But it won't do—it won't do at all! Mr. Luttrell is far too important an individual not to be perfectly well-known to gentlemen of—well—er—shall we say my profession?"

"It is true," he went on, scanning Sims critically, "that you do not show to advantage this morning; but half an hour with your valet will put all that to rights; and that half hour you can arrange with yourself as soon as we have had a little talk on business."

"On the other hand, should we fail to come to an understanding," he added significantly, "then apartments without the attendance of a valet, a chef, or a butler are equally at your service."

Sims stared in blank amazement. Clearly the man was mad. Madmen must be humored—so at least he had always been given to understand—so he smiled and said—

"Well, for the sake of argument, suppose I am Mr. Luttrell—what then?"

"Ah, now we are becoming reasonable! After all what is the use of denying one's

identity? You are Cothorstone Luttrell, Esquire, of Eiton Court, Somerset. Well, Mr. Luttrell, myself and some friends of mine want a little spare cash—out of the regular line of business, mind you!—for the Christmas vacation."

"Of course, the first thing was to hit on a man—I beg your pardon—gentleman, I mean—who was absolutely sure to have the money. We nominated you, Mr. Luttrell—this with a bow, as if a compliment was intended."

Sims gravely returned the courtesy. "And," the other went on with pride, "I felt sure we were not mistaken in our man. The next thing was to make him—that is, you—part, disgorge, or, to put it more politely, persuade him as to the advisability of making us a handsome Christmas present."

Sims smiled; he could not help doing so. Evidently the man was as mad as a hatter; but he possessed a certain quaint humor which was entertaining.

"Glad to see you like the idea, Mr. Luttrell," he went on, noticing the smile; "it brings us nearer the valet, the butler, and the chef, and—ahem!—freedom. But I forgot—you must be hungry. Allow me to offer you some light refreshment."

"George," he shouted, putting his lips to the keyhole, "some oysters, stout, brown bread and butter for two!"

"Thank you!" Sims said, grinning sardonically at the idea of this well-fed lunatic talking of "light refreshment" to a man who was on the verge of starvation.

"Not at all, Mr. Luttrell—only too happy to be able to accommodate you with anything—in reason. And now to business. You will kindly fill in this cheque"—producing a blank one of the firm with which Mr. Luttrell banked and Sims was a clerk—"for five thousand pounds."

"Five thousand what?" gasped Sims. He forgot that he was supposed to be Luttrell and that he was addressing a madman. The magnitude of the sum simply appalled him.

"Pounds," the man answered quietly—"or guineas, if you prefer it, Mr. Luttrell."

The mention of the name caused Sims to recover his scattered senses. What an idiot he was to have forgotten for a moment that the man was mad and the whole affair a farce.

He would put an end to it as soon as George came with the oysters. Suppose however that George was imaginary, too, as well as the oysters? Sims' heart failed him.

The oysters and bread and butter seemed just then more attractive even than freedom, and both literally and metaphorically he felt an inward sinking.

"Come, Mr. Luttrell," the man said persuasively, producing a stylographic pen from his pocket—"just fill in the cheque! Let us have done our business, and enjoy our light refreshment when my trusty henchman arrives with it. It is a mere trifle. This money stands at the bank to your credit."

Sims started. How did the man know what the balance was? The amount he had mentioned was quite correct, as no one knew better than he did, for he had made up Mr. Luttrell's balance just before he left the bank the night before. Was the man mad, after all? If so, there was method in his madness. Absurd! Why of course he was mad—mad as a March hare.

Suddenly an uneasy thought occurred to the young man. He remembered that a fellow-clerk had asked him once if Mr. Luttrell was a relative of his, and, on his replying in the negative, the other had laughed, and said—

"He might be your brother, for you are exactly like him."

Was it so very certain that the man was mad, after all? It was an unpleasant reflection, and Sims' face showed it.

"Come, Mr. Luttrell—you are wasting time. It is of no use looking black over it. The medicine is nasty, no doubt. I have always found it so myself, but it has to be swallowed sooner or later. I am the doctor; here is my prescription."

"The name of Cothorstone Luttrell at the bottom of this slip of paper when filled in for five thousand pounds, and then freedom, your Christmas dinner—preceded, by-the-by, by the oysters and stout—I hear George's steps on the stairs—your valet and your butler, or"—and he paused—"the luxurious retirement of this secluded retreat, and to put it mildly, a little temporary abstinence without your leave or by your leave."

Sims was losing patience; he forgot to temporize, burling out with—

"My dear sir, the demand is absurd! I am not Mr. Luttrell. I am a poor bank

clerk, without a sixpence to my name, which is Arthur Sims. To sign that would not help you, and to sign the other would be far from helping you and would mean forgery for me. Once for all, explain what all this means and let me go."

The man smiled.

"Better still," he said; "but it won't do! I know you have the money—and by the Lord Harry I mean to have it!—so what is the use of pretending? Sign the cheque and let us part friends."

"Come in!" he shouted in answer to a knock at the door. "Oh, I forgot!" and he took the key from his pocket and opened the door.

A man came in carrying a tray. Sims' eyes brightened. George and the oysters were a reality, after all.

"Look here, George," he said—"there's a mistake somewhere. This gentleman insists on mistaking me for Mr. Luttrell. Now I am not any such person, but Arthur Sims, a bank clerk. For Heaven's sake persuade him to be reasonable and let me go!"

George merely put his fingers to his nose and, to Sims' utter despair, only said—

"That's a good 'un! May you be forgiven, for, if ever a man told a falsehood, you are the cove! Sims, a bank clerk, by Jove! Oh, lor, that's a good 'un!"

All this time Sims' temper had been rising; a blind rage took possession of him, and he acted upon impulse. The door was open; but between him and it stood the dandified gaiter and the grinning George.

He made a dash for the doorway, only to find himself confronted with a six-chambered revolver. It brought him suddenly to a standstill.

The man laughed, but stood steadily covering him with the firearm; and Sims prayed with all his heart that he might prove to be sane.

"A good idea that, Mr. Luttrell," the man said; "but, as I have remarked before, it won't do. George, just turn the key in the lock, and we can go on with our business without any fear of disturbance. Put down the tray; Mr. Luttrell may be ready for some refreshment presently."

Sims eyed the contents of the tray longingly. The oysters looked delicious.

"Looks nice, doesn't it?" the man remarked casually. "Grace before meat, Mr. Luttrell, in the shape of your signature to this cheque, and then you can fall to; and may good digestion wait on appetite!"

Sims said nothing. Surely, he thought, no man was ever placed in a more pitiable position! He must either suffer imprisonment with starvation at the hands of these wretches or commit forgery to obtain a temporary release, for afterwards his liberty would probably be taken from him, and he would be called upon to undergo a sentence of twenty years with hard labor. Would these men dare to carry their treat into execution?

Surely they would supply him with enough food to sustain life, and in the meantime a hue and cry would be raised for him, and no doubt some one would discover his whereabouts.

A voice broke in on his reflections, saying quietly—

"Now, Mr. Luttrell, will you sign?"

Threatened, cornered, faint from hunger as he was, all his instincts rose against the action, against his persecutors, and against the refined cruelty of their methods. With characteristic English bluntness, he replied—

"No—I'll be hanged if I do!"

George laughed heartily. The other man smiled as he said—

"You're game, Mr. Luttrell; but we shall cut your comb yet, unless I am much mistaken. Do you like oysters, George? Yes? Then fall to."

As Sims saw the dainty morsels with which he had hoped to allay the pangs of his own hunger rapidly disappearing, his feelings were indescribable.

Several times the drossy man, with a menacing smile, held up an oyster and a slice of bread and butter, and offered them, with a glass of stout, to Sims; but the young man remained firm.

He vowed mentally that they might torture him to death or keep him there till he died of starvation, but he would not consent to do their bidding.

He did not feel very much afraid of any actual violence, for that would defeat the object of his persecutors.

At last the repast was finished, and the two men took their departure, the first-comer remarking as he left the room—

"Adieu, Mr. Luttrell! You must dine with Duke Humphrey, and you elect to



do so; but remember it is your own doing. May you be in a better frame of mind when next we meet. It shocks me to see a man so close dated on Christmas Day. Good-bye!"

The key turned in the lock, and Sims was again left to his bitter reflections. Before long he became weary of inaction and turned his attention to the window, to see if that offered any means of escape; but he very soon discovered the hopelessness of any attempt in that direction.

There was not even a pipe by which he might hope to reach the ground, while to let himself drop meant certain death. If only he could attract the attention of some passer-by.

But the house seemed to be situated in a cul-de-sac, for he could see a house facing him at one end; so it was hardly likely that any one would pass that way.

Suddenly his face brightened, and he exclaimed—

"Of course! What a fool I was not to think of it before!"

His eyes had fallen upon the name of the alley on the opposite wall. Pulling an envelope out of his pocket, he began to write rapidly in pencil—

"For Heaven's sake, whoever picks this up, come to the attic in the fourth house"—he could count the houses on the opposite side of the street, and supposed the two sides would correspond—"on the right hand side in Wee Lane. There may be murder done if help does not arrive. I am in desperate straits."

"ARTHUR SIMS."

Then he let the paper drop out of the window, and watched it as it went fluttering down in irregular gyrations, until a gust caught it and carried it to the open end of the alley.

There it lay; and Sims gazed at it until at last a current of air caught it, whirled it aloft, and carried it out of sight. It was gone, his possible messenger of deliverance, and, as the faint excitement of watching it ceased, he sank down upon the floor in a state of hopeless despondency.

Was it likely that from the thousands of other bits of paper that were lying about any one would pick up this particular scrap?

After a while, he fell into a doze, and dreamed he was at home, and smiled in his sleep. He was awakened by hearing a noise of scuffling on the stairs, and his senses were instantly on the alert. What had happened?

Had his captors found his envelope and returned to wreak their vengeance on him for his effort to escape? But what did it matter if they had?

He was weak and faint, and cared little what became of him. At any rate, he felt incapable of any attempt at resistance. Let them do their worst.

The door opened, and George and the other burst forth. At once he noticed a change in their appearance. George's face was swollen and flushed, and his eyes were dull and heavy.

The other's face was pale, and there were dark lines beneath his eyes, which were bright and glittering. His utterance was rapid and excited as he said—

"Now, my cockorum, hurry up and unlock the spondulics! My temper is apt to be short at times, and I can't afford to wait for weeks while you make up your mind to part. You possess the money, and by Heaven I mean to have it! If not, I don't want to hurry anybody, but"—and he touched his breast pocket significantly—"there's a little bull dog here whose bite is worse than his bark. Let us have no more nonsense. Sign and have done with it."

"What—you won't, won't you?"—as Sims shook his head. "Well, then, perhaps we can find means to persuade you, if you are still uncharitable. Here, George—help me to tie his hands, and then put on the thumb-screws."

Sims struggled hard, but he was as a child in the grip of his tormentors, and his hands were soon tied fast with a small cord which George produced from his pocket.

Then George put the tips of Sims' thumbs between his teeth and gradually increased the pressure. The pain became excruciating; but it was now a struggle between man and man; between will and will; and, now that there was something definite to fight against, Sims' courage rose to the occasion.

He determined that come what might, he would not be forced into doing what was demanded of him. He was almost fainting from the pain, which was becoming unbearable, when the director of the torture said—

"No go, George; we must try something else. Now," he said savagely, turning to Sims, "it is your own fault if harm comes of this; but I'll give you ten minutes, and then—Well, if you won't sign, at any rate dead men tell no tales."

He pulled out his revolver, pressed the cold steel against Sims' temples, the touch making him shiver, and stood leaning over him watch in hand. How loud its ticking seemed in the stillness. What would the world be like in which he would wake up in less than ten minutes? Sims wondered.

Would any one ever know what had become of him? It seemed rather hard, too; and tears of self-pity welled into his eyes.

A minute passed, then another, and a look of animal ferocity shone fiercely in the eyes of the man who held the revolver. What he considered the other's obstinacy was rousing all that was most brutal in himself.

"Five minutes!" he said. "Once more, will you sign?"—this with an imprecation.

He seemed to be almost beside himself, and so absorbed in his occupation that he failed to hear the sound of footsteps rushing up the stairs. They were as the sounds of a sledge hammer however on his victim's strained senses.

What did the footsteps mean? Safety or instant destruction? Would the man make an end of him then and there, or would he desist from a desire to secure his own safety.

Sims lay and watched the other's face with keen anxiety. Suddenly a voice broke the spell.

"Slow that!" it said. "Quick! The peelers!"

It was George, who spoke in a sharp whisper. They had forgotten to lock the door. At that moment it was thrown open, and in the doorway stood a police inspector.

"Inspector Eudred, by Heaven!" exclaimed the man who leaned over Sims as he slipped the pistol into his pocket and turned to confront the officer of the law.

"Flash Fred, you're wanted!" the inspector of police exclaimed. "File in, men!" he added; and three constables marched into the room.

"Wanted!" repeated Flash Fred, whose ace had regained its ordinary expression of careless good humor. "Yes—and been wanted some time—eh, officer? Well, want must be your master."

As the words left his lips, he made a dash at the wall, and burst through the paper that covered an opening in the partition, gained the flight of stairs in the next house before the astonished police men had recovered from their surprise, and was out of sight before the foremost of them gained the street.

George was seized and handcuffed. Then the inspector turned to Sims and asked him what it all meant.

"When I've had something to eat, I'll tell you," Sims said; "at present I am fairly starving."

The inspector directed his men to take George to the station, while he accompanied Sims to the nearest restaurant. When he had at last satisfied his hunger, he turned to his companion and gave him an account of his imprisonment, winding up by asking how he and his men had happened to arrive so opportunely.

"Well, sir," the inspector said, "it was like this. A young lady who would give no name, though I should know her anywhere, for she had a thin streak of gray hair on each side of her head"—Sims blushed—"came to the station with this"—producing Sims' envelope—"which she said she had picked up, and begged us to go at once to your rescue. The rest you know. From what you have told me, it is clear that Flash Fred and his gang mistook you for Mr. Luttrell."

"Who is Flash Fred?" Sims asked.

"He is called the King of the Burglars, sir; and, though he has been in prison once or twice with light sentences, yet of late years we have been unable to prove anything against him, though we have been almost certain that he has been the leader in almost every large crib cracking job for the last two or three years."

"Only last week we obtained sufficient evidence against him over that little matter at Stoke to warrant us in arresting him and I was more than pleased, I can tell you to find him in the room in which they had detained you."

"Fancy his giving us the slip, after all. It was a clever plan, that of having a second door papered over to escape by in case of emergency. One might have expected something of that sort, for he isn't the

kind of man that is likely to be caught napping."

"They say he is a gentleman born, but got off the right track somehow. Anyhow, he is not one of your desperate characters, unless by chance he has had a drop too much; then they say one can't answer for him."

"He had been drinking to day when he came in the second time."

The inspector gave a prolonged whistle, and then added significantly—

"In that case it is uncommonly lucky we came. And now I'll wish you good evening, sir."

A week or two after this a very smartly-dressed man was fascinating the ladies in the saloon of an Atlantic liner with his charming manners, and sending the men into fits of laughter in the smoking room with his amazing anecdotes.

When the pilot came on board, a couple of quietly-dressed men accompanied him. They entered the saloon, where the smartly-dressed man was chatting with some ladies, and looked significantly at him, making some sign. He nodded and said—

"Pray excuse me for a moment—a little matter of business; and in case it proves more urgent than I expect, I will say good-bye."

He shook hands all round, and followed the men out of the saloon, leaving his late companions in a state of no little astonishment. He appeared no more; but his fellow passengers were fairly electrified when they read in the New York evening papers that "Flash Fred, the King of the Burglars," had been arrested on board the vessel in which they had sailed, and would be sent back to England to stand his trial on a charge of burglary.

The pursue chuckled. Stowed away in his cabin was a photograph of Flash Fred, sent amongst others by the authorities at Scotland Yard to the pursers of all outgoing ships. He had recognized this man the first time he saw him on board; and, having the key to the situation, Flash Fred's career was speedily checked.

Arthur Sims is now a director in the bank in which he was clerk. He declares that he owes his position as well as his life to a very pretty dark-eyed woman with a streak of gray hair on each side of her head.

She is now Mrs. Sims; but she says that, though she was a daughter of a director and a rich man's heiress, Arthur owes his success to his own industry, pluck, and obstinacy, all of which was required to win his bride as well as his position, for Sims' future father-in-law would not for a long time hear of the match; but he gave his consent at last, and declares now that it was the most sensible thing he ever did in his life.

Sims says that matters had come to a pretty pass with him as he watched his scrap of paper fluttering out of the window, but that, after all, it was the luckiest day of all his life, for his future wife's goodness in helping to release him encouraged him to hope.

If Mr. Sims is in the room when he says this, she usually steals behind him and places her hand over his mouth, while she tells him laughingly "not to talk nonsense."

## A Hansom Cab.

BY G. L. F.

IT was an abominably wet day. You know what that means in London—Cab-driver's Millennium—little mud pie maker's Elysian Fields—Despair and petticoat ruin to fair pedestals! Mrs. Lancaster stood under the shelter of a fashionable modiste's door, looked forth and groaned. No hansom in sight; ruin to her clothes stared her in the face if she sallied out; ruin to her purse whispered to her behind should she enter the shop again.

"The dispensation of rain is not in Providence's Diocese," was her irreverent summing up. "He'd make it rain at the proper times or on No-man's-land, if it were. Oh, darling!" she murmured under her breath, for a hansom bore in sight, looming, Whistlerishly, hazily wet. A slashing, golden bay between the shafts; and a civil Jehu perched up behind.

Out went her umbrella, and she tucked up her frills. She signalled, he drew up, and she dashed out. The man, careful fellow, had closed the doors, and let down the window. An agonized endeavor to open door, balance umbrella, rescue skirts from mud, and save new bonnet ensued.

He saw that, and with unusual, uncabby-like courtesy, jumped down, saying:

"Allow me."

The lady gave a little scream.

"Tom! you driving a hansom?"

"No worse than driving my coach, is it, Mrs. Lancaster?" he retorted.

"Oh! Tom dear, what on earth are you doing it for?" then with a high-handed attempt at dignity, "Might I ask the reason for this new and extraordinary meyer. Is it for a bet?"

"A bet? Oh, dear no." A distinct pause. "That bonnet of yours is getting rather the worse of it, it's a pity, for it's rather a nice one," he added, eyeing it critically, as one who knows the ways and means of the bonnets, or rather the ways of the bonnets and the means of those who could afford such an one as he saw before him. He eyed it critically, though not feeling nearly so cool as he was anxious to make her believe.

"Oh! what does that matter," she snapped out; "be so good as not to make personal remarks; I shall spoil as many bonnets as I choose," with glaring impudence.

"H'm! you always used to do so," glowering down at her.

"Do you refuse then to drive me?" she faltered. There wasn't another cab in sight.

"Oh dear, no! When a man's poor, and has to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, he is likely to find the latter more plentiful than the former; so I am only too glad to get what fare I can." He gloated wickedly, for she looked up in his face while a mist gathered and grew in her eyes, and she gave a little sob.

"Oh Tom, dear Tom," she whispered, "I never knew it was as bad as this."

"Didn't you?" he answered with brutal sympathy for her sympathy with him in his altered circumstances. Then he banged open the door, raised the window, and stood by her in an attitude of calm patience.

She gave another imploring glance. He was eyeing his noble beast's hind quarters, his mouth bunched up in an inaudible whistle. "Dolonia never could stand in the rain," he said reflectively, as if taking her into his confidence.

Mrs. Lancaster sighed, and stepped into the hansom.

"By Jove! She's got the same clipping little feet and ankles," was Tom's murmur. He need not have been so surprised. Women do extraordinary things, incredible, and hair-curling in the eyes of men; but—their feet don't wear out, and they do not invest in new ones.

She settled herself in a corner of the cab, with another sigh, and a furtive glance at the looking-glass to her left, while the driver mounted behind, and slowly gathered up the reins; he banged down the window and slapped down the little trap-door overhead with professional noise; and then, "Where to?" with professional brevity.

"Home, please, if you don't mind," said his fare meekly.

As they drove down Bond Street, Mrs. Lancaster's eyes being shut off from outward sights, she turned them inward and viewed her whirling thoughts.

"What a story this would make if anyone only knew; or if I only had the pen of a ready writer, it's really quite a pity that my gift that way all runs to seed in correspondence. Let me see:

"Mrs. Lancaster, happy girl, married to the match of the Season (well, she was the beauty of the season, so why should she not do so), amiable, rich and handsome. The menage goes swimmingly for three years, then Mr. Lancaster takes to plunging heavily—a regular Jubilee plunger. Wife's entreaties of no avail. Then Mr. Lancaster (oh Tom!) takes to plunging in the direction of a Signora Scroella, and Mrs. Lancaster refuses to entreat or forgive. Yes, I dare say I was a bit hasty," is Mrs. Lancaster's half-murmured reverie to-day. Separation on the tapis; nine day's wonder (but the separation lasts longer). Helgh bol and now Mrs. Lancaster is being driven down Bond Street in a hansom, her husband occupying the lofty position of driver behind.

"Poor darling, how wet he must be getting up there."

There was a block just at the corner as they turned into Piccadilly. Mrs. Lancaster profited by the occasion. She took her umbrella and pushed up the sky flight.

It was immediately opened. Mr. Lancaster looked down, Mrs. Lancaster looked up.

"Do you want to get out? I am afraid you cannot. We may have to wait here a quarter of an hour."

"It isn't that," she answered. "I



wanted to know, er—I thought, er—I wanted to ask. Oh, Tom dear, aren't you very wet and cold up there.

"Thank you, one could scarcely expect there should be a drought up here, or to find it parchingly hot—but I'm quite comfortable, thank you all the same." With a male's inconsistency.

Down went the skylight. The great stagnation slowly uprose and they drove on again. It had begun to clear up. Mrs. Lancaster thought she knew her way about town, but Mr. Lancaster should have known it still better, and yet he took her round Grosvenor Place as a means to reaching Park Lane. It seemed as if he took a pleasure in driving her by the most opposite and round-about route.

Perhaps he wasn't thinking of where he was going; perhaps—a little quick sob quivered up to her lips and she bit them—perhaps he was too thinking of those days at Venice, Nice, Vienna. Perhaps he was thinking that if only she had been not quite so hard and unforgiving when his fancy had rather wandered towards La Sorella, with her ten and six penny a bottle "golden hair," attracted probably more by her diablerie than anything else—perhaps, if she had been a little softer, he might have told her of the real remorse he felt for his inconstancy, the remorse of having lost all his income (thereby indirectly reducing her own), spent in goodness knows what follies, that had played the very mischief with the dollars.

Had she been gentler, perhaps, he might not have been exalted to the high position he now occupied, which, with hanging, is probably the only position of elevation which does not bring exaltation along with it.

She had money of her own, a good fifteen hundred a year, and when the final split came—a split borne of a very small rift—he had been too proud to let her know how his money matters stood, and so it came about that husband and wife had not met for quite a year, and that during the last five weeks he had driven a raking bay about London, harnessed to a luxurious "S. T." hansom.

And she? Well, had she too not flirted just a bit with Lord Raalque and Colonel Targent, and when he had remonstrated ever so little had she not flared out on him, and thrust that odious yellow-haired Signora Sorella in his face?

"I wish he wouldn't drive quite so fast," she thought, "We shall not get home so soon if he does."

They were passing a restaurant. She slanted her umbrella towards it, and he drew up instantly.

"If you don't mind," she said, "I am just going in for a glass of wine, I feel a little faint."

It was no such thing, for in two minutes she was out again, the wine untouched and the glass in her hand.

"You must have got so wet and cold, I wish you—would you?" she stammered timidly—"would you mind just taking a little—to—to—please me?"

She had taken off her glove, and the broad wedding-band caught his eyes. A spasm of pain came upon his face. It was like driving your fist through a mirror and smashing the smooth, even surface into bits.

"Thank you," he said, a little unsteadily, in a rather husky voice, as he descended slowly from his perch.

"Oh! I will take it in for you."

"I could not think of giving a lady my glass to put down," he answered, with his old characteristic courtesy towards womanhood.

Two "young ladies" behind the bar, had been watching the proceeding.

"Goodness gracious, Louis," said one, "well, I declare! Fine ladies do carry on nicely. She's giving him her wine—there's no accounting for tastes."

Quoth her friend, "There's every accounting for them, when it's a tawny moustache."

About a quarter of an hour later the hansom drew up in Norfolk street.

Mrs. Lancaster got out and walked slowly up the steps; before ringing, she turned round. A little ragamuffin was inspecting her.

"Would you like a sixpence?" she asked him gravely.

A superfluous question, to which he replied, with the knowledge of past experience to guide him, and a wisdom beyond his nine winters:

"Sixpences were not to be 'ad for nothing."

"Of course not," she answered, "and you have only to hold the horse's head for a little, you needn't be afraid," she added, rashly guaranteeing the beast's peaceful nature, "and you shall have sixpence."

Thus, having reduced the legion of unemployed by one, she turned and rang the bell.

"Do you mind coming in for a few minutes?" she said addressing her husband, "I want to tell you something."

He looked at her for an instant, then settled his whip in its socket, tied the reins securely, and descended slowly.

"But the servants?"

"The only two whom you will see are new ones."

The door opened—"Dinner at once, and lay another plate at the table."

"You remember this, and this" (pausing before some picture, or some hanging), "and this vase; do you remember how nearly I was drowned out of that gondola in Venice—it was just opposite those glass works, and you insisted on our going in and buying something to remind you how thankful you were that it had ended in nothing worse than a drenching."

"I have forgotten nothing," he answered gravely.

"Not even the way to your dressing-room?" she said archly, turning round.

"Not even the way to my dressing-room," replied Mr. Lancaster.

"I daresay the gas isn't lighted though."

She led the way, and they entered the room together.

The door between it and her room was open, and he looked in—he did more—he advanced a few paces and stood in the doorway. He could not have crossed the threshold had it been his most earnest desire.

He devoured every object, a thousand memories crowding to his weary brain, but his face did not change, and his wife watched him closely all the while. She watched him as he glanced at the two easy chairs—one at each side of the blazing fire; how often they had occupied them in the happy past!

Only then, to be sure, they had been drawn close, side by side, and they had proved the fallibility of the rule that "two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time." She watched him as his eyes turned to the duchesse toilet-table, with its large centre glass—in front of which he had often made her stand—while he bade her mark what a handsome couple they made.

He drew a sharp breath, and a spasm shot across his face, leaving it a shade or two whiter. He glanced up—his wife was looking at him in breathless stillness; she turned quickly and left the room.

He found his way down about ten minutes afterwards—Mrs. Lancaster took a little longer.

There was a soft dewiness about his eyes as he came and stood beside him. Husband's and wife's hands met in a quick, close grip, and a feeling of infinite love came nestling round his heart.

"Tom," she began, wistfully.

"Yes, Cecile?"—questioningly.

There was no time for another word, the door-handle was slowly moving round.

"It's my sheep-dog—Miss Meeson," she whispered, her breath coming and going, for a sudden, puzzling question had arisen in her mind. She had forgotten all about Miss Meeson; to tell the truth, she had not taken her into account at all. What was she to do and say?

Introduce Tom, as this afternoon's hansom cab-driver, and nothing else? Goodness! no, it would not be possible. Introduce him as a friend only?

Yes, but what if there were to come a reconciliation? how horrid and deceitful it would look.

But, introduce Tom as her husband! (a quick throb at her heart) what if he insisted in their remaining only friends? What if he should reject the projected forgiveness?

What if he should exclaim—"Pardon me, I was her husband at one time, but Mrs. Lancaster decided to dissolve the partnership." What agony and humiliation.

The door opened, and the dear humble old sheep-dog entered—far too meek of aspect to cower in any ravening wolf, except by her old-fashioned stately sweetness.

"Miss Meeson," said Mrs. Lancaster, faltering, "Miss Meeson, dear, we have a guest at dinner to-night; let me introduce Tom—my Tom! The man who was ever, and ever will be, the dearest and best of men. There—there was a slight misunderstanding, almost all my fault, but we have found, he and I—me—that's to say—I mean he—was—" There was a pucker on her face; she faltered, and then she said, tremulously and with exquisite tenderness: "He is my dear husband!" Then she smiled up in his face, and laid her head on his shoulder, as much out of the

fulness of her love, as to hide that awful cabman's badge, which blazed hugely on his breast. Then she laughed—a queer little laugh, that had a glimpse of tears in it not so very far off.

Miss Meeson held out her hand with a much puzzled air, but Mr. Lancaster saw neither that, nor the look. His eyes were moistened with unshed tears, and his wife's head, when he glanced down, seemed to be some blurred mass of golden brown on his shoulder, and the lights seemed suddenly to have got misty and to flicker up and down.

"I left my spectacles in the other room," said Miss Meeson, softly, though she was peering through them as she spoke.

I think that there was something very like a look of rapture on both husband's and wife's faces.

"You have forgotten to pay me my fare," he said after a bit. "Do you chisel all your cabbies out of their fares, dear?"

She laughed up in his face with a murmur of womanly tenderness. "Well, your real fare is two shillings, but I will give you a 'golden crown.'"

She raised her face as she spoke. No need to explain the meaning of the words to one who loved her as did this strange cabman. He took the "golden crown" between both his hands and kissed her fair forehead tenderly.

Husband and wife were re-united, never to part again. It was not until their mutual tears of joy had ceased that the little urchin in the street was remembered. He, and another little imp were found taking it in turns to watch the horse.

"That boy's another Casabianca!" cried Cecile, indignant with herself.

"So he is, dear—only we won't give him such a blowing up, remarked her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster are an absurdly happy couple. They have just gone on their second honeymoon.

He has a most exalted opinion of his wife's virtues, a sentiment that is only to be balanced by her stupendous blindness to all his faults.

She was rapturizing over him the other day, in Brussels, to a newly picked-up friend.

"Do you know," said her listener, "to hear you talk, one could almost fancy that you had come across your husband in heaven!"

"Nothing of the kind, my dear," answered Mrs. Lancaster. "I met Tom in a far more earthly place. I picked him up in a hansom cab!"

**WOMAN'S PART.**—When it is necessary to practice economy in the family, on whose shoulders does the burden of self-sacrifice fall? Is it the man or woman of the household?

Take, for instance, the family of the average salaried clerk. There is enough to supply the necessities of life, and if nothing is put by for the proverbial "rainy day," sufficient for many of the luxuries; but if there are a few dollars deposited now and then there must be economy somewhere.

Does the head of the house go without his tobacco or social glass? Does he forego his private suppers with a few choice friends, or the luxury of a little excursion to some baseball or football match?

Does he ever lie awake till midnight planning to make his last winter's overcoat do service another season by aid of mending, pressing, and sponging at the hands of some cheap tailor?

Does he ever sit and turn his old hat ruefully about on his hand while a worried frown contracts his forehead, wondering if it will not do a little longer with the addition of a new band?

Does he ever stay away from church because his boots are too shabby to be presentable, and he must wait a few weeks for new ones or else draw from the little horse put by?

No, this is the woman's part. It has been truly said that it is not what a man earns, but it is what his wife saves that builds up his fortune.

Of course there are the exceptions but as we all learned long ago, these only prove the rule.

There are children of peculiar temperaments whose whole lives are rendered a burden to them by the fact that the persons set over them, either parents, guardians, or teachers, are destitute of sympathy for them, and do not think it worth while to try what a change in the plan of managing them would do. There are hundreds, nay, thousands of children set down as sulky, dogged, obstinate, and treated with harshness, who live lives of dull wretchedness because they do not know what is wrong with them and no one takes pains enough to try to set things straight for them and make them happier.

## At Home and Abroad.

Out West they have observation parties. The guests are marched in single file around a table covered with miscellaneous objects. No one is allowed to stop or handle anything. They then make lists from memory of the articles, and the party who makes the most complete list takes the prize.

A potato grown at Ft. Kent, Me., is the greatest curiosity ever raised there. It resembles a mud turtle, the animal seemingly lying stretched out over a fair-sized potato, holding under each arm a perfect potato, while the tail of the turtle is curled down over the potato on which he is reclining. An animal face and paws, with well-defined claws, completes the freak of nature.

A novel scheme for saving his cattle from the droves of coyotes that infest the region has been hit upon by a rancher of Glen Rock, Wash. He has placed bells on the necks of a great number of cattle in his herds, and the result has been to scare the coyotes away. In the two months since he belled his herds he has not lost an animal, while previously his loss averaged at least one steer a day.

In the year 1834, 61 years ago last spring, Captain A. S. Allen, then a boy on his father's farm, near Zebulon, Ga., struck a mulberry sprout in the ground. At the time the sprout was not larger than a lead pencil, and had been used by a boy as an ox "gad." To-day it is a tree almost 19 feet in circumference at a distance of two feet from the ground, and is said to be the largest mulberry tree in Georgia.

The privilege of carrying the zucchetto to new cardinals is reserved exclusively for members of the Noble Guard. The member of that body guard who has been deputed to perform this service for Monsignor Satolli is the Marquis Sacripanti, who is of an ancient and aristocratic Roman family. Admission to the Noble Guard is limited to scions of the Roman aristocracy who can show at least sixteen quarterings on their coat of arms.

On leaving Copenhagen for St. Petersburg the dowager Czarina gave her father, King Christian, a diamond ring which was worn by Alexander II. when he was assassinated. The ring was on the little finger of the right hand, which remained intact when the arm and the other fingers were shattered by the bomb. As the Czar was dying he gave the ring to his son, and on his deathbed Alexander III. gave the ring to his wife. She probably thinks that it has been connected with too many misfortunes of the Romanoffs.

Baron Rothschild one day entered an old curiosity shop to buy some paintings. The dealer brought out his rare old pictures, dusted them, and set them in the best light. "Look at this Rembrandt; quite authentic, M. le Baron." "Authentic, you say? You have got there a Raphael of the first style, which is a good deal more authentic." "Oh, I oh!" said the dealer; "why, you are a connoisseur, M. le Baron." "I?" observed Rothschild, with a sigh; "if I had gone into the old curiosity business, I should have a fortune."

A prominent family residing in the business part of Wayneport, Monroe county, Pa., possesses a dog which, having reached old age, they decided to put an end to. They procured a quantity of chloroform, and the wife proceeded to administer it. The handkerchief saturated with the fluid was held to (or near) the dog's nostrils, but the applicant, watching closely to hear the dog draw his last breath, inhaled the chloroform in much larger quantities than the dog, and promptly went off into a nap, which was awakened by the dog's lively voice. The dog still lives, and the family have decided to let him die a natural death.

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.



## Our Young Folks.

## THE WATER-NIXIE'S PARTY.

BY M. B.

THEY were telling stories Christmas Eve, and after much begging for a fairy tale, mother consented and said:

It was entirely due to the Water-Wagtail, in the first instance, that Connie went to the Nixie's party. It was such a very hot day—the hottest day of all the summer, she was sure. She had been picking dog-daisies all the afternoon, until she thought if she picked any more there would really be no jugs and basins left for anything else, before all the daisies were properly supplied. So she sat down to rest under the shade of the great elm trees by the stream, with heaps of daisies all round her, and lazily pretending she kept a shop. The daisies were fairies' hats to sell.

"But I won't break any off their stalks until a fairy comes to buy one," she said to herself, "or they will fade and look shabby." And she watched a kingfisher flashing with blue and green wings on the other side of the stream. Then the Water-Wagtail came. He hopped about, flicking his long, slender tail, closer and closer to Connie's feet.

"Isn't it hot, dear Wagtail?" said Connie. "Don't you feel very tired?"

"Dear me, no—certainly not," answered Wagtail. "Whatever could anyone want better than this lovely day? Some people are never satisfied."

"Oh yes, dear Wagtail, it is a lovely day, and I like it ever so much. But I am so hot and tired."

"Really?" said he. "Now, if you were a fish you might go under water. But as you can't do that, why don't you go and see the Water-Nixie? She lives under the fall, where the river begins. It's cool enough there."

"Oh!" cried Connie, springing to her feet; "that would be nice, dear Wagtail! Do come and show me the way."

"Well, I can't do that," he said meditatively; "I have not had any dinner yet. My children have such healthy appetites, I have had to give them all I have found. But I will introduce you to a friend of mine, he will take you to the Water-Nixie's. You could not get there alone, because the fall, where she lives, is in the middle of the river. Make haste—I must really get some dinner before I go home again."

He flew on, and Connie followed eagerly, until they reached the swans drowsily floating among the yellow lilies, lower down the stream.

The Wagtail explained to Father Swan that Connie wanted to go to the Water-Nixie's house, but could not get there alone because she could not swim. He was in a very good temper just then, which was fortunate; sometimes he was very quarrelsome and pecked Mrs. Swan. But now he ruffled up all his white feathers, made Connie a polite bow, and said he would be delighted to carry her. She seated herself on his back, kissed her hand to the Water-Wagtail, and off they started. The cool water rippled over her feet as she sat, and Connie forgot everything in the pleasant experience of this new way of traveling.

Soon she heard, by the roar of the waterfall, that they were getting near to the Nixie's house, and presently its entrance came in sight as they turned a bend in the now broad water. It was protected from any unwelcome intruders by a barrier of leaping foam that danced with untiring energy in spite of the hot, sleepy day.

The Swan sailed up to a long ledge of rock that rose outside and beyond the barrier of foam, and told Connie to step on to it. She did so, and saw that the water rushing over the rocks above left a wide space underneath.

She walked along the narrow, wet ledge by the Swan's direction, right under the green mass of falling water, and saw a cave doorway, that seemed to lead into the bed of the river.

She carefully began to descend the steep, slippery steps, and soon even the pale mysterious light that came through the waterfall failed, and it was quite dark.

But Connie was a brave child, and it never occurred to her to be frightened or turn back; and after a few more steps she felt that she was on level ground again, when her outstretched hand came against something hard and the passage seemed to come to an abrupt end.

This was a surprise, but Connie guessed

rightly that it might be a door. She pushed with all her strength, and gradually it gave way, and then—she found herself in the most beautiful room she had ever seen in her life.

The ceiling was one smooth sheet of moving water—Connie knew it must be the bottom of the river—and through it came the same soft green light as that under the waterfall. The walls were covered with green mosses and trailing water-weeds, with bits of brown rock showing here and there.

Great creamy water-lilies with their golden centres, wound their long stalks about the sandy floor and up the table legs, and some grew in masses like so many twisted snakes, straight up and disappeared into the water-ceiling above, where silver fishes darted to and fro, and big trout came swimming by and stopped to look down into the Water-Nixie's dining-room at Connie, as she stood there looking in.

The table down the centre of the long room was covered with a silver cloth, made of fishes' scales, and on it were placed many dishes and plates, dainty pink and mother-of-pearl and purple like the mussel-shells. Ivory knives and forks and spoons were there, and quantities of cool fruits and jellies, and sweets—so many that Connie thought with dismay, "I am sure they must be going to give a party; I ought not to have come to-day."

But there was no time to escape, for now a fringe of falling water weeds was pushed aside by someone entering the opposite end of the room. And there could be no mistake about its being the Water-Nixie herself.

Her long hair floated about her like a golden mist; her eyes were as blue as the sky, and her lips like the red coral.

She saw Connie, and stopped in surprise.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it's Connie from the thatched cottage down by the cornfields!"

Connie was delighted. To think of the Water-Nixie knowing her by sight! She had never expected that. And her confidence came back.

"I am so sorry to have called to-day," she said; "I see you are having a party. I did not know."

"Not at all," said the Water-Nixie politely. "I am very pleased to see you. It is my birthday. You can help me to receive my guests, and be sure you drive away those rude gudgeon and carp, who always come and stare and make remarks when I have company. I shall show the fishermen where they live, you can tell them, if they do not behave themselves to-day."

So Connie set to work to help to arrange the table; and they were no sooner ready than the guests began to arrive.

First came the Nixie, who lived near, then those from other rivers and streams, and then the Dryads from the woods; and soon after them the chief guests were announced, by a herald all in silver, who looked extremely like a salmon, and proclaimed in a loud voice, "Their Royal Highnesses the Mermaids of the Atlantic!" and everyone pressed forward to see.

The Mermaids entered two by two, gliding along on their bended tails without any difficulty from want of legs; and all kissed the Water-Nixie, and spoke to her in sweet low voices that sounded something like the little waves on a shingly beach and something like the murmuring of shells.

And then began the giving of the presents. The Nixie had seated herself at the end of the room on a great raised seat of rock crystal—and first of all the other Nixies and the Dryads offered their gifts. They gave her diamonds more beautiful than the hard earth diamonds, all liquid and moving and sparkling, and pearls from the bottom of the sea, and coral necklaces with golden boxes to keep them in; shimmering dresses trimmed with water-beds and spray, and lace made from spiders' silk, and fans from the feathers of butterfly wings.

Then in came the salmon herald again carrying a white velvet cushion, with tassels at the corners, each made from a single pearl.

It was the Mermaids' gift, and to Connie's great surprise, she saw on the cushion only a nautilus shell, lovely with moving colors, but still only a shell.

But the Nixie gave a little cry of pleasure when she saw it, and took it in her hands as the herald bowed before her. She placed it on the ground and said one magic word, and then the shell grew larger and larger, a snow-white sail unfurled, and there was the most beautiful of

fairly boats, fit for the Ocean Queen herself. Fair weather always surrounds a nautilus boat: it will carry its owner over the sea wherever she wishes, and shrink again to its usual small size at command.

And now the Nixie made a pretty speech, and thanked all her visitors for the lovely things they had brought her; and then the feast began. At the same moment the water-music sounded.

No musicians could be seen, but never was heard such music as this that the Water-Spirits played at the Nixie's birthday party, and ever afterwards Connie heard a few bars of the tunes in every running brook, and each sea-wave as it broke on the shore; and she wondered how it happened that the people who never meet a fairy never hear the water-music either, however clear it is.

After the dinner—which took some time, because everyone laughed and talked so much, and all had to drink the Water-Nixie's health—in came the dancers in troops. First the frogs—great ones they were, as big as school-boys, in spotted coats of green and gold; next the dragon flies, gorgeous in their best summer dresses, with wings rustling and gleaming just like bits of frozen rainbow; then the water beetles in black shining coats, with fringes of orange or scarlet; and lastly the fishes in companies.

Wonderful were the dances performed to the water-music, and long were the revels kept up; and never once did Connie remember the Nixie's instructions about the vulgar carp and gudgeon until it was all over and the last of the guests was saying good-bye.

Then she looked up in some consternation, and, sure enough, there they were!—dozens of them, laughing and nudging each other, and peeping through the ceiling! She climbed easily enough up the rough, rocky wall.

"Go away; you rude things! How dare you? Don't you know it's very ill-mannered to come when you were not invited?" she cried.

"Oh, indeed?" jeered the largest of the carp. "Who invited you, I should like to know?"

Connie felt herself blushing. She did not see her way to any answer to that, so she retorted: "Anyhow, the Lady Nixie will tell the fishermen where you live—she said so."

"Who cares?" said the carp. But they all turned very pale, and by the time Connie reached the floor again they all had gone away, and the Water-Nixie was there alone, looking over her presents one by one.

"Dear Lady Nixie, I am afraid it's very late," said Connie. "It must be past tea-time, and mother will wonder what has become of me!"

The Water-Nixie took Connie's hand and led her through the opening covered by the ribbon curtain. She had no time to see what was there, for the Nixie pressed her hands over Connie's face and kissed her on the forehead.

And when the Nixie took her hands away, and Connie opened her eyes, she was sitting under the elm tree by the stream. All the daisies were gone.

"How mean of those fairies!" said Connie, as she got up and hurried off. "They knew I had gone to the Water-Nixie's party, and they must have come and stolen all the hats while I was away!"

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—That house will be kept in turmoil where there is no tolerance of each other's errors, no leniency shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answers to turn away wrath.

If you lay a single stick of wood upon the anvil and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they burn; add half a dozen, and you will have a grand conflagration.

There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly get ashamed, and repent.

But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw others into the scrape, and let one harsh word be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in its lurid splendors.

THE best thing to resort to, when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; we should not sit and suffer, but rise and seek the remedy.

If the hair is falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is just the specific.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A bird hospital has been established in Chicago.

Tailors in Spain earn \$4.90 a week, in Italy \$4, in England \$7.40.

The British postal telegraph is run at an annual net loss of \$13,000,000.

President Jackson was always aggressive, uncompromising, serious.

Emperor William consumes an extraordinary number of cigarettes daily.

"Perforated bed clothing" is now recommended as a specific against rheumatism.

The Police Board of Jersey City is retiring patrolmen, because they are getting "too fat."

When a man has money to burn it isn't very difficult to kindle a flame in the feminine heart.

The Mendicity Society of London has made a collection of the "fake" devices employed by beggars.

There are more than seventy halls in Paris devoted to fencing, each presided over by a fencing master more or less famous.

Siberian peasants clean, stretch and dry the skin of the turbot for leather bags and as a substitute for glass window panes.

Philadelphia has one saloon to every 841 inhabitants, Boston one to every 500, Chicago one to 242 and Dayton one to every 172.

Mrs. Burt Johnson, of Franklin, Ind., a white woman, is now 14 years old, has been married two years, and has a healthy daughter.

Christmas Day was once called in France the "day of new clothes." It was the custom to give Court officials new cloaks on that day.

Hereafter telephone charges in France are to be 5 cents for three minutes within a radius of 15 miles. Talk must be cheap in that country.

What is probably the longest stretch of unsupported telephone wire is that which crosses Wallenstadt Lake, in Switzerland, a distance of a mile and a half.

The Fifty-eighth Infantry Regiment of the German army has had but two bandmasters in 100 years. The present one, Goldschmidt, has held the position since 1857.

In Bulgaria the proprietor of a medicine who announces it as certain to cure a specified disease is liable to be imprisoned if the drug fails to accomplish what he promised.

The best burglar-proof safes are made of alternate layers of hard and soft metal, which are welded together. This combination will not yield to either drill or sledgehammer.

At the Metropolitan Museum—Underhill, a crusty old bachelor: "There, that's Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. She never got married." Artful widow: "No; but this is King Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived. He married a thousand times."

Roumania is the highest taxed country in the world. Every bottle of foreign wine has to pay a shilling duty. A case of whisky went from the Army and Navy Stores the other day. The transport tax stamps and other duties amounted to more than the price of the whisky.

A phenomenon in the recent severe drought in Maine, which caused wells never before known to fail to dry up completely, was that a reputed bottomless pond, at Fort Fairfield, was 18 inches higher at the severest period of the drought than it had ever before been known to be.

There is great excitement at Reynoldsburg, Ohio, over the discovery in the craws of ducks brought to market from a neighboring farm of fine gold nuggets. It is supposed that the ducks scooped them up in the bottom of a small stream near by. The people are doing placer mining there in a small way now, but so far without success.

M. Wilson, conductor on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Road, was hurt in a peculiar manner. He had a long, sharp lead pencil in his hand and got off with it at Horicon to get orders. Running along he collided with a boy on the platform with such force as to force the pencil through his clothing and into his stomach. A bad wound was inflicted, and it is feared that the internal injury may result seriously.

There is no building material so durable as well-made bricks. In the British Museum are bricks taken from the buildings in Nineveh and Babylon which show no sign of decay or disintegration, although the ancients did not burn or bake them, but dried them in the sun. The baths of Caracalla and of Titus, in Rome, and the Thermae of Diocletian, have endured the ravages of time far better than the stone of the Coliseum.

The latest story of a wondrous gold find in Alaska is of a lake whose bed is literally paved deep with gold dust. The lake is 1000 yards long, 400 yards wide and 150 feet deep. It is fed by water from a glacier, and its only outlet is a little stream two feet deep, but of incredible swiftness. The assay of the sand which a sea captain brought to Seattle recently showed \$8 to \$10 a cubic yard, and on this basis a man could alone take out \$10,000 a year.



## THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

BY J. F. R.

Every household has its angel  
Hovering watchful round the hearth,  
Guiding through the parent's teaching,  
Smiling 'mid the children's mirth;  
Whispering to the baby sleeping,  
Singing with the cradle song;  
Near misfortune kindly keeping,  
Chiding when regret is wrong.

Every household has its angel  
In the sweet and gentle wife,  
Shedding dew of love around her,  
Beaming like a star of life;  
Patient in her heart's distresses,  
Loving in affliction's hours,  
Constant in her sorest trials,  
Blessing home with love's fair flowers.

## OF THE FESTIVAL.

It may be said, in speaking of Christmas as an institution, the Romans were wont at this time of the year to indulge in the Saturnalia, when they disguised themselves in a curious fashion and amused themselves with the mishaps produced by mistaken identity. This custom crept into the ceremonies of the Primitive Church, and, though it was forbidden by the Fathers, continued to hold its place for several centuries. Men and women changed their habiliments, and, so disguised, wandered into their neighbors' houses, making right merry cheer while the Christmas lasted.

At a later period they assumed grotesque characters, and enacted a species of play or "pageant" of a bombastic or satirical nature. Sometimes these mummeries were splendidly got up. The director, or Lord of Misrule, who superintended the pageant, and whose decrees were as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, would assume a title, such as Prince of No-Man's-Land, and would confer upon his nobles the dignities of Marquis of Islington, Earl of Bloomsbury, Lord of St. Giles, etc. His attendants would be Sir John Barleycorn, Sir Loin, Mince-pie, Plum-Pudding, bold knights and squires, dragons, hobby-horses and clowns. The richest dresses adorned their persons.

In the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth these pageants were highly popular; but they declined under their successors, and were almost totally crushed by an ordinance of Parliament in 1652.

The origin of carols is somewhat curious. The word is derived from the Italian "carola," a song of joy, and was in the first instance employed to designate a song sung as an accompaniment to dancing. Christmas carols were early introduced into the Christian Church.

According to Tertullian, it was customary for them at their feasts to place in the middle such as could sing, and call upon them to praise God in a hymn, either out of the Scriptures or of their own composition. Religious songs or ballads are still sung in many parts of England, and especially in the streets of the great towns.

As to the name Yule, or yuletide, often used as a synonym for the time, it seems to have been a festival among the Romans, Saxons, and Goths, in commemoration of the winter solstice, and the lengthening of the days, and was afterwards kept up by the Christians.

The decking of churches and houses with laurel, box, holly, or ivy, appears also to have been copied by the Christians from their pagan ancestors.

On this subject one writer says: "The pleasant custom of decorating our windows, mantelpieces, mirrors, etc., with the red berries and green leaves of the holly and the snowy beads of the mistletoe may be traced to the Druidical practice of adorning the houses with evergreens, that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unnipped with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes. The 'waits' were originally minstrels attached to the royal court who sounded the watch and paraded the streets during the winter

nights that loyal lieges might slumber in peace."

Our own celebration of the day is much like that of England and Germany, but in France, when Christmas draws near, every family in easy circumstances sends for a cask of wine, and lays in a stock of southern fruits, which, as they arrive, may be seen on the quay in large quantities. In the flower market, orange branches with fruit or blossoms in tube; also all kinds of toys for children, and laurel-trees, hung with various kinds of southern fruits, rose-trees in beautiful pots, and many other tasteful things of the same kind, are set out for sale.

The Christmas evening is devoted to universal joy and festivity. All the booths, cellars, cafes, and hotels are illuminated, and even the table of the poor chestnut roaster has an additional lamp. The theatre give grand ballets, the gaming houses balls and suppers; and the streets are crowded during the whole night with people and bands of music.

That which strangers most admire, and no provincial ever forgets, even when at the greatest distance from his country, is a sort of varied entertainment, at which the whole family is present.

The relations, who have been absent from each other, perhaps, during the whole year, are to meet on this evening; those who have been the greatest enemies pardon each other at Christmas; marriages are fixed, married pairs who have been separated are at this time united, the shyest lover becomes eloquent, and the most coy fair one becomes kind; every heart dilates with good-will, love, and tenderness on Christmas evening.

**THE CHRISTMAS MARKET IN VIENNA.**—The markets in Vienna are thronged on the eve of Christmas. The weather is usually excessively cold, and everybody is wrapped up like so many polar bears. The street hawkers do a lively trade, for the passers-by dare not tarry, while the various stalls are besieged by crowds of eager, joyous people who laugh twice for every word they utter. In the principal market many nationalities are represented—the Hungarians, the Bohemians and all the outlying nationalities that comprise the Austro-Hungarian nation. Christmas trees are in great demand, while toys, especially those that make a sound—for the Austrians love noise—are at a premium. Everybody considers it necessary to buy a chromo of the Emperor and Empress, also of the Crown Prince and his bride. To return from the market without these pictures would be as disloyal to the season as to the illustrious personages whom they represent. Soldiers always sell well, while drums and trumpets ring on the frosty air from all sides. The Austrian housewife is frugal, and does not lay in "big feeds." On the contrary, she buys just what she wants and—no more. The Grand market at Christmas is indeed not only one of the sights of Vienna, but of the world.

## Grains of Gold.

Without the guiding power of reason there is not a virtue which cannot be imagined a vice.

Recollect what disorder hasty or impetuous words from parents or teachers have caused in our thoughts.

The infinitely greatest confessed good is neglected to satisfy the successive uneasiness of our desires pursuing trifles.

It is a vast hindrance to the enrichment of our understanding if we spend too much of our time among infinites and unsearchables.

Reflect upon a clear, unblotted, acquiescent conscience, and feed upon the ineffable comforts of the memorial of a conquered temptation.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson to learn how to enjoy ordinary life and to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion or gratification of some appetite.

## Femininities.

A man is like a razor, because you can't tell how sharp he can be until he is strapped.

The Princess of Wales has had printed for private distribution some songs which she has composed for the zither.

It is no wonder that girls are interested in football. Diagrams of plays look for all the world like dress patterns.

After a woman has been married to a man six months she begins to feel a romantic interest in the man she didn't marry.

The lady: "Is this novel a fit one for my daughter to read?" The salesman: "I don't know. I'm not acquainted with your daughter."

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.

In Sweden it is believed that, if a bride, during the marriage ceremony, can keep her right foot in advance of the bridegroom's, she is destined to secure future supremacy.

"Don't say pitch darkness," said a Boston girl to her little brother. "What shall I say, then?" asked the boy. "Say 'bituminous obscurity,' or something else elegant," replied the cultured young lady.

"Sir!" shouted the man who had been run over, "I want to tell you that you are no gentleman—or—excuse me, madam—miles," as he found himself talking to a bloomerite, "but, any how, I was right."

Bicycling has risen to such favor at Vassar this fall that the halls of the entire lower floor of the main building are flanked with bicycle racks. Most of the faculty, as well as the students, ride.

Miss Balfour, the sister of the leader of the House of Commons, reads all the principal newspapers, daily and weekly, and marks whatever she thinks will be of use to her brother and his colleagues.

"How beautifully that woman sings!" said one lady to another, who was in gorgeous attire and blazing with diamonds. "Is she a mezzo-soprano?" "No, I guess not. I think she is a Swede," replied the other.

Augustus (to Jack): "Charming girl, that Miss Lucy, Jack." Jack: "Think so? I never could bear her. She always treats me as if I was an ass, you know." Augustus: "Indeed! I didn't know she knew you."

Mrs. Green: "Does your baby recognize you when you come home? You are away so much, you know." Mr. Black: "Know me? I should say so. He always begins to cry the moment I get inside the door."

Hoax: "Mrs. Soshulwirl gave a little German last night. She's been giving one nearly every week this season." Jock: "That's nothing. I know a woman who holds one every night." "Who's that?" "Mrs. Winkel-meyer; she has a new baby."

"Is not woman equal to man?" asked a female lecturer on "Woman's Rights," to which a man in the audience diffidently replied: "I beg your pardon, madam, but it would depend on who the woman was and who the man was, you know!"

In a cemetery in France one reads: "Here lies Gabrielle, my adored wife. She was an angel. Never shall I be consoled for her loss." On the same stone is the following inscription: "Here lies Henrietta, my second wife. She was also an angel."

A new English swindle is to advertise for ladies "to dress high priced dolls," and then on the promise of good pay to extract a deposit as a guarantee that the high priced dolls will be returned. It has been worked through the mails with great success.

On proceeding to the public depot in Brussels for the sale of unclaimed luggage and parcels, the receiver of public property discovered the skeletons of a woman and of a child about 1 year old in one of the unclaimed boxes. The box was immediately handed over to the judicial authorities.

Poetical Jones says: "The profusion color of her hair would lead one to look upon it as though it was spun by the nimble fingers of the easy hours as they glide through bright June days, whose sunny rays of light had been caught in the meshes and were content to go no further." Smith expresses the same thing by saying: "Her hair was awfully red."

Groom: "Well, my dear, the wedding tour is finished, and here we are in our new home." Bride: "But, George, the servant girl who was to be here has not arrived." "I see. It's too late to hunt up another today. I suppose you can get supper, can't you?" "Of course. Go out and buy some steak, not too rare, with mushrooms and French potatoes and food cake and a hot pie and I'll set the table while you're gone."

The Adams family is still in evidence in Massachusetts. Charles Francis Adams 2d, who was installed as Mayor of Quincy last week, marks the fifth generation of Adamses in office. He is a son of the late John Quincy Adams, a grandson of Charles Francis, a great grandson of the great John Quincy and a great-great-grandson of the original John Adams. Three of his ancestors were national statesmen, and two of them Presidents.

## Masculinities.

When is a man more than rash?—When he devours a rasher for his breakfast.

Senators Morrill, Palmer, Pugh, Morgan, Harris, Sherman and Gear are 325 years old.

Honor every man for what he is. We all might be a deal worse and not half shuffle the cards.

The old custom of kissing the bride by the officiating clergyman is said to be rapidly dying out.

A private track is being built for the German Emperor, who has fallen a victim to the bicycle craze.

The Sultan of Turkey is constantly attended by a eunuch, who will be beheaded if the Sultan should die of poison.

Oakland, Cal., has permitted its oldest preacher, "Father" Lindsay, now in his eighty fifth year, to go to the almshouse.

The King of Portugal is an enthusiastic ornithologist, and possesses a fine collection of birds from all parts of the world.

A Chicago hotel clerk seized the false teeth of a guest who refused to pay his board bill. This is making the penalty fit the crime with a vengeance.

In San Francisco a 17-year-old husband recently obtained an absolute divorce from his 16-year-old wife. He was employed as a messenger boy.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, in actual life, met in Kansas City the other day. They were Dr. T. B. Jekyll, of Wichita, and Mr. A. B. Hyde, of Newbrook.

Rev. I. M. Gibson, of Plattsburg, Mo., says that the Lord's Supper ought to be a real meal and not a sham supper of crumbs of bread and drops of wine.

A man in Crawfordsville, Ind., is charged with hugging a girl. He denies the soft impeachment and wants \$5000 damages from the circulator of the report.

Mayor Strong of New York, when asked how he came to be called Colonel Strong, replied that in 1888 he commanded one division of a business men's parade, and he got the title then.

Some one asked Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom it was said he "could tell terribly," "How do you accomplish so much, and in so short a time?" "When I have anything to do," he replied, "I go and do it."

George M. Du Maurier's friends never speak to him of "Trilby." He has grown so weary of the book and the heroine that made him famous as a novelist that he never speaks of its creation, and objects to all reference to the same.

A kind gentleman prevented some boys stoning a pigeon fastened by the leg. Extricating it with much trouble, he put it tenderly into his bosom. The next day he remarked that it made a much nicer pie than he expected.

A Japanese minister is reported to have said to a foreign representative contending for the right of missionaries to teach, "Well, they may teach, but we will exercise our right to cut off the heads of all Japanese who listen to them."

A waggish speculator, one of a numerous family in the world, recently said, "Five years ago I was not worth a penny in the world; now see where I am through my own exertions!" "Well, where are you?" "Why a thousand pounds in debt."

Lord Lansdale recently had occasion to telegraph to the Emperor of Germany and the message was directed to "His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany, Potsdam." Half an hour later the message was returned marked, "Insufficiently addressed."

A farmer, finding a dozen idlers stretched out on the ground, offered a shilling to the laziest one of the lot. Eleven jumped up, claiming the reward, each asserting himself to be the laziest one. The shilling, however, was given to the twelfth, who had slothfully kept his position.

According to a report just issued by the Parisian police there have been 130 people who have totally disappeared in the French metropolis in the past twelve months. The authorities have found it impossible to obtain any clue whatever to this great number of missing men, women and children.

A peculiar incident occurred in New York Sunday last. While a policeman of that city was trying to see what was going on in a "suspected" saloon he soiled his hands; he noticed a sink in the a corner of the saloon, and when he turned on the faucet he was surprised to find that he was washing his hands in beer. The keeper of the saloon was, of course, arrested.

Husband: "You want to know where I was so late last night? I was at the office, balancing my books." Wife: "It seems to me that you balance your books very often. That excuse is about threadbare." Husband: "H h—If you don't believe me, why don't you consult a fortune teller?" Wife: "Oh, no! I consulted one once, and she told me a pack of lies." Husband: "Indeed! What did she tell you?" Wife: "She told me I should get a rich, handsome, kind, attentive, and truthful husband."



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## Latest Fashion Phases.

It does not follow because people are just now particularly interested in Christmas and all belonging to it, that they have altogether lost sight of the fashions, which are still worth at least a little attention.

The very latest material for autumn and winter blouses is satin velvet or silk plush, printed in Oriental designs, which have a richness and beauty unattainable in fustian or nun's veiling, so fashionable during the summer. It is almost impossible to render by words to the mind what the eye discovers in this delightful new fabric. The Persian designs, where blue and gray predominate, are most distinctive, the blue being reproduced in every size and tone. In one of these designs where the pattern is picked out in crimson, and one overlays the other, a stripe of the cream ground, edged with a fretted blue line, is most effective. In others the fan tail of the peacock is reproduced with its own exquisite colorings, shaded with violet on a red ground with green traceries. This may sound gaudy, but it does not look so; on the contrary, such is the innate knowledge of the use and happy blending of brilliant hues by the Orientals, that it is agreeable, not startling, to the eye. There is a softness, however, in the designs carried out in different tones of the same color, such as peacock-blue, sage green, and even reds, into which amalgamating shades of blue and plum are cleverly introduced, that one must admire even while wondering.

A charming dinner dress had a skirt of rich cream satin chine with Pompadour bouquets all over. The bodice was bright rose-colored velvet, made high, but open in front; a fichu of white chiffon, edged with lace, veiled the open front and admirably softened the effect of the rose velvet, which would be trying to many complexions; the sleeves were full, and ended at the elbow with lace. Both white silk and satin, with chine bouquets, are much in vogue. I have seen them at several large houses. A lovely evening dress in this style was veiled with a plain skirt of white chiffon edged with lace; a lovely shade of pale bluish green satin headed the skirt as a band, and terminated with a huge bow; bows of the same on the shoulders of low bodice. A ball dress for a Grand Duchess was made of yellow satin, and veiled with yellow tulle striped with silver, and ruffles of the same round the hem of the skirt. On each side of the front, seeming to mark a tablier, were yellow roses at intervals united by bows of blue satin ribbon. The bodice was satin and tulle, the sleeves tulle, with a spray of yellow roses and bow of blue ribbon carefully placed.

A gorgeous tea gown was of mastic satin, with Louis XVI. knots worked in silver spangles, seeming to retain groups of peacock feathers, embroidered in colored silks. It was made Princess shape, and cut out round the shoulders to show a glimpse of straw-colored colie velvet, surrounded with folds of straw chiffon studded with steel beads. A wide guipure lace, also spangled with steel, falls round the bodice and over the sleeves, which are full and short, ending with ruffles of straw chiffon. The front is ornamented with tufts of yellow chrysanthemums. Green morocco shoes and yellow stockings were worn with it.

The latest make of evening cloak recalls the domino style well pleated in the back, so that the base is wide and ample. These pleats have to be diminished and arranged in a most clever way on the lining that supports them to prevent the back looking clumsy. Immense hanging sleeves, wide enough to take in any other kind of sleeve, add to the voluminous appearance of the garment. An elegant one worn by a Marquise at the fetes given to the King of Portugal was of yellow lampas broche with silver, lined with carmine, and revers of the same fur, showing in front a long white satin gilet covered with point d'Angleterre. The same lace was quilted inside the ermine lined sleeves, falling on the arms in a most becoming way.

Another stylish cloak is of pale pink satin brocaded with a light flowing pattern of convolvulus leaves in various artistic shades of green, and a few half-ripe wheat ears. This is lined throughout with pale apple-green satin; the shoulder cape was edged with frilled pink chiffon.

For general day wear cloth in all dark shades is immensely used; the skirts with godets are always lined with silk, and not the ghost of a frill is to be seen; if any ornament is used it is put on flat, braiding, or spangles in points or quillies. The graceful Princess dresses are also much worn.

A more generally useful jacket was of beige cloth, with handsome collars and revers of sable, and what made it particularly charming was a movable plastron of sable, with the head of the little animal finishing it off at the waist, thus in ordinary weather the jacket could be worn to show the dress bodice or chemise, and when the cold set in the little sable would prove an admirable chest protector.

Another, in the same shade of cloth, made for a grande dame, was lined throughout with seal skin, a seal skin coat that had grown old-fashioned being used for this purpose.

As to the collet capes, they are equally in vogue, whether for general wear or for dressy occasions; in fact, they are extremely convenient, for they are easily taken off and left in the carriage or hall when going to some at home or five-o'clock tea. A lovely one was made entirely of sable, with high collar. A more dressy model was of crimson satin, lined with sable and ornamented outside with guipure round the collar and neck, and then a row of sable tails forming an upper cape round the shoulders. Another was of green velvet, three capes one over the other in the coachman style, lined with silk, and a guipure collar. An elegant one of black velvet, not long, had a row of chinchilla going round the shoulders.

As to bonnets, all the best-dressed women wear quiet ones, rather of the toque form, with a feather or aigrette standing up on one side.

There are some wonderful constructions in the way of hats to be seen, but really elegant women never wear anything conspicuous when walking or shopping.

Buttons have cropped up again in great variety, but apparently more for ornament than use, being placed in the centre of bows, etc. Some are pretty, imitating small miniatures surrounded with paste diamonds; enamel, porcelain, and hand-some cut steel are all to be seen; the usual size varies from the size of a quarter to a silver dollar.

For outdoor garments there are the capes and jackets. As an example of the latter style, I saw a most elegant one of black velvet, with basques. The fronts were open over a chinchilla waistcoat and high collar; on one side of the front false buttonholes were worked in steel, and on the other side handsome steel buttons were placed opposite. The imitation pockets in the basques and the revers of the sleeves were worked to match. The whole was lined with pale gray, and, with a chinchilla muff, had a stylish and dressy effect. It would go with any skirt, but was intended to wear with a black velvet one for some grand ceremony or occasion.

## Odds and Ends.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT COOKING SUITED TO THE SEASON.

**Plum Pudding.**—Put 10 ounces of flour into a large basin, with a tiny pinch of salt, and, having passed 1 pound suet through the mincing machine, rub it with both hands into the flour until it is quite smooth, then add 10 ounces of fine bread-crumbs, mixing each thing well as you do it. Then add 1 pound of currants, having been well washed, dried and picked (for there are stones among them), then add 2 pounds stoned raisins, then  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of candied peel and the peel of a lemon, grated, a small spoonful of spice; beat up eight eggs, and with a little milk, mix all together well with both hands, adding half a tumbler or less of brandy. This should be mixed at night and left until the morning, with a cloth thrown over it. The next morning mix it up well with your hand, and put it into a tin form which should be well buttered; the tin should have a well-fitting cover, which should be buttered also. Put the tin into a cloth, and tie it so well down that there should be no risk of the cover coming off; put it into a saucepan of boiling water, and let it boil eight hours, taking great care that the water never ceases boiling. The pudding is much better boiled three hours more the second time, the day it is eaten. Boiling in a cloth without the tin covered shape spoils the goodness of the pudding, which all goes into the water.

**Tea Cake.**—Two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful and a half of milk, and two eggs; dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in the milk, and mix enough flour with these ingredients to make a paste that will roll handily; cut out with a biscuit cutter, and bake.

**Turkeys and Geese.**—At this season a few hints as to choosing these favorite birds may not be out of place. An old

turkey has rough and reddish legs; a young one smooth and black. Fresh killed the eyes are full and clear, and the feet moist. When it has been kept too long, there is a greenish, discolored appearance about the belly and thighs. Geese: The bills and feet are red when old, yellow when young. Fresh killed, the feet are pliable; stiff when kept too long. Geese are called green when only two or three months old.

**Mincedmeat Sandwich.**—Make a very light sponge cake mixture as for a jam sandwich, and put equal parts of it into three very shallow round tins of the size required. Bake the cakes to a delicate brown and turn them out carefully. Cook some very nice mincedmeat by putting it in a closely covered jar, which must be placed in a saucepan of boiling water, and kept boiling for an hour. Just before using, mix with it a glass of some nice liquor. Place one of the cakes or a flat baking tin, spread it thickly with the mincedmeat; put another round upon it, then a thick layer of mincedmeat, and cover this with the three rounds of cake.

**Christmas Cheesecakes.**—One pint of curd, quarter pint of rich cream, juice and peel of one lemon, a salt spoonful of powdered cassia, a wineglass of cognac, sugar at discretion, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of nicely-flavored mincedmeat made without meat. Mix liquid fresh butter. Make the requisite quantity of curd with prepared rennet, on the bottles containing which are given full directions for the making of curd. Add the cream, the eggs well beaten and strained, the strained juice and grated peel of the lemon, the cassia, mincedmeat, cognac, and, last of all, the sugar, as the quantity required will depend a little on the sweetness of the mincedmeat. Line your patty-pans with puff crust, fill them three parts full with the cheesecake mixture, and bake in a moderate oven, a delicate brown. Directly your cheesecakes are taken from the oven, sprinkle them with finely-powdered sugar; or, if to be eaten cold, as soon as they are cool enough cover them with white sugar grains, which are made by crushing loaf sugar roughly to about the size of grains of sago.

**Orange Omelet.**—Three oranges, grated rind of one, two tablespoons sugar, half a salt spoon of salt, four eggs. Pare and slice two oranges and sprinkle with three tablespoons of sugar. Grate the rind of the other orange and squeeze out the juice. Beat the yolks of the eggs until lemon colored and thick; add the rest of the sugar, the rind and the tablespoons of orange juice. Beat the white of the eggs until stiff, then cut and fold (do not stir) the rest of the mixture. Have the butter very hot in the omelet pan, and pour in the omelet. As it begins to thicken well, spread over the sliced oranges, pour the omelet over them from the sides of the pan, cover and finish cooking over the hot water pan.

The oranges may be prepared and the eggs beaten beforehand, spreading a damp cloth over the bowls containing the beaten eggs to keep them moist. It is a point to be emphasized in the graceful and expeditious use of the chafing dish, that the materials be measured and prepared as much as possible beforehand.

**Vanilla Souffle.**—Yolks of four eggs, whites of eight eggs, one heaping tablespoon butter, three tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon vanilla. Beat the yolks until light and thick; add sugar and vanilla, and then cut in the well-beaten whites (do not stir). Always cut and fold. Have the butter very hot in the chafing dish, put the mixture in by the tablespoonful, cover and cook over hot water pan. It will take from fifteen to twenty minutes.

**Ducks with Turnips.**—Lard a couple of ducks with thick bacon; well season. Lay them in a stewpan lined with rashers of bacon and beef; add to it an onion, a carrot, a sliced lemon, a bunch of sweet herbs, two glasses of white wine, pepper and salt to taste. Cover with a sunken lid, and put fire under and over. While the ducks are cooking, take six good peeled turnips and plunge them into boiling water for ten minutes, then cut them into square pieces. Put these into a pint of good gravy, and let them simmer till done, but not broken. When the ducks are cooked, take them up and set them to drain. Place on the dish with a ragout of turnips; put a peeled apple stuck with cloves in the body of each bird.

**Mincedmeat Pudding.**—This pudding is a great novelty and more wholesome than when made with pastry. Shower four ounces of Carolina rice into a stewpan containing a pint of boiling milk; add the grated peel of a lemon; cover and allow it to boil, without stirring for an hour.

When the rice is done, mix in two ounces of pounded sugar, one ounce of butter, one whole egg and the yolks of three. Well butter a plain round mould, put a round of greased paper in the bottom, and shake some bread crumbs all over the inside. Now line the mould rather thickly with the prepared rice, using an iron spoon to press it into the shape of the mould. Fill the cavity with mincedmeat, cover with a layer of rice, and bake it for about an hour in a moderate oven. Turn the pudding out on to a dish, and pour wine sauce around it—for which put the yolks of two eggs into a small stewpan, with one ounce of sugar and a wineglassful of sherry. Mill the sauce with a wire whisk over the fire until it thickens, and use it at once.

**COLD FEET IN BED.**—The association between cold feet and sleeplessness is much closer than is commonly imagined. Persons with cold feet rarely sleep well, especially women.

Yet the number of persons so troubled is very considerable. Cold feet should be dipped in cold water for a brief period—often just to immerse them and no more is sufficient—and then they should be rubbed with a pair of hair flesh gloves, or a rough Turkish towel, till they glow immediately before getting into bed.

After this, a hot-water bottle will be successful enough in maintaining the temperature of the feet, though without this preliminary it is impotent to do so.

Disagreeable as the plan at first sight may appear, it is efficient, and those who have once fairly tried it continue it, and find that they have put an end to their bad nights and cold feet. Pills, potions, lozenges, "night caps," all narcotics fail to enable the sufferer to woo sleep successfully.

**CONVICTIONS AND DIFFERENCE.**—It is the mingling of sincere convictions that enables men to correct their fallacies, to retrieve their blunders, to arrive at something like wise judgment and correct conclusions.

Yet we chafe and fret at these very differences, and attribute to them many of the evils which really belong to our unwillingness to recognize and accept them. Too often irritation, ill-feeling, and even anger arise from this innocent cause.

Interchange of opinion, whether in ordinary conversation or in discussions and debate, is among the most instructive and valuable means of forming true opinions, yet often it is poisoned by a dogmatism that will brook no contradiction and a temper which regards all dissent as an affront.

**THE WHOLE TRUTH.**—A lady who was for many years interested in a very large preparatory school for boys recently remarked that in all her experience she found that the most dangerous people were those who told only part of the truth.

A right-down falsehood might be dealt with, but half the truth told and a part of it concealed was the most difficult of all forms to deal with.

If any accident happened and serious damage was done, the boys were very likely, one and all, to declare that they did not do it, and would shield each other, no matter what the consequences might be to some innocent person or outsider.

One of the most important lessons that can be taught a child is that concealment of truth is often quite as bad as the most malicious falsehood. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is a part of the oath administered to witnesses.

If young minds could be duly and deeply impressed with the importance of absolute sincerity and truthfulness in all respects, much trouble would be spared in after life, and many a headache might be avoided.

**WORTHY OF RESPECT.**—To be worthy of respect demands virtue, honor, truth, and sincerity. It demands that a man be a good son and brother, a good husband and father, an industrious and faithful workman, a just and kind master, a loyal and trustworthy citizen. If he be these, he is respectable, for he has claims upon the respect of all who know him. He may wear homespun or broadcloth, may live in an attic or a palace, may work with his hands or his brain, may have but few friends or be the centre of an admiring crowd, may be dependent upon his day's labor for support, or possess the wealth of a Rothschild—his true respectability is neither heightened by the one nor lowered by the other. It inheres in his character, not in his belongings. It is dependent upon what he is, not upon what he has.



## THE SEASON'S APPETITE.

WITH the Christmas season here every one is more or less interested in the pie question. Some people shudder at the mention of pie and others smile. Every woman has a deep-rooted belief somewhere about her that she can make better pie than any other woman on earth.

To take one big city as a sample of the whole country, pies are of particular interest in New York just now because hundreds of men and women are working like slaves day and night to supply the Christmas Day demand for them. Few people have any idea to what extent the making of pies has grown in the large cities.

There, for instance, the pie business has become such an industry that the manufacture of the more or less flaky delicacies is a trade by itself, with any number of establishments in the city which supply the largest as well as many of the smallest dealers. It is estimated that at least 22,000,000 pies are eaten in New York every year.

In the present stage of the pie it is arranged in six grades beginning at the very tiny little "buttons," which sell at wholesale for 4 cents, increasing in size gradually to the sixth and mammoth holiday edition which costs 45 cents at wholesale.

The "buttons" flourish largely at the corner stands. At one small Nassau street stand, where at noon messenger, boys of office boys and other street urchins may be seen standing in rows two deep, there will be absorbed 200 "buttons" a day in connection with frankfurters, soda and other delicacies.

At a street stand of more imposing dimensions and boasting a window, a door and a tiny lunch counter, twenty small pies are disposed of in a day, and fifteen or twenty larger ones.

The lunch room on a larger scale, however, is a place where pie statistics reach their most surprising dimensions. A Park Row lunch room familiarly known as the "Typewriters Exchange," from the number of nimble fingered young women who patronize its upper floor at the noon hour, heads the list.

This is not a reflection upon the young women, however, for the place is open night and day, Sundays excepted, and it averages 5,000 in attendance. The majority of the patrons are men. Of this 5,000 there are at least 1,800 devotees of the pie, for 300 pies, in portions of six to a pie, are given out to the hungry multitudes daily. A month's bill for the pie supply sometimes reaches \$4,000.

A well-known hostelry of long standing near the North River with an average daily attendance of 14,000 people, in its six dining-rooms disposes of over 200 pies in the course of every twenty-four hours, and on special holidays, when the city is crowded with out-of-town visitors, the figures go up greatly. This, too, is a place of 10 cent pie portions, which do not appeal so strongly to the general public.

The late Jay Gould became a great benefactor to the pie industry when he carried a railroad down into the huckleberry pastures of North Carolina, and carloads of the green fruit are now sent up North in June. They ripen quickly, and add one more to the toothsome variety of early fresh fruit dainties.

Besides having the reputation for pie consumers, New York has also what is said to be the largest pie manufactory in the world. A short distance up from Canal street, on a cross street a few blocks in length, there is a tiny little shop which, by the middle of the afternoon, is empty of everything but, perhaps, a dozen delicious-looking pies and a plump, rosy-cheeked woman, who is waiting to dispense that small number. The appearance of the outside is misleading, for back of the little shop, spreading out and up, is a pie bakery, from which 15,000 pies are sent out daily through New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Newark in Summer, and 20,000 in the cooler months.

The pie-baker and maker works from 12 o'clock at night to 12 o'clock the next day, or, in the busiest season, until 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Everything is as neat as hands can make it. The floors are scrubbed white, the copper cooking utensils and the plates are polished until they shine.

At this season of the year numberless peaches in casks, with a thick covering of sugar to preserve them white and fair; apples and mincemeat, cranberries and the pumpkin custard and cocoanut pie mixtures, all in the big ice chests, are ready for the first baking. After that, every one is busy.

A man and a woman are at the apple parers and can each pare forty barrels of apples a day—550 apples in a barrel—not a bad day's work. The men roll out the crust by the hand, cover the plates, fill the pies and recover. Two men do nothing but break eggs all day.

There are six strong-armed, healthy-looking women, five of whom scrape and clean the tin plates with almost lightning like rapidity, while the sixth keeps the pie delivery boxes white and clean. Appetizing odors pervade the building, and particularly the room where the baking is done.

Here are ten great 10 by 11 foot ovens. Inside each is a glass-covered gas burner, which throws light upon the process of putting in and removing the pies. This is done by means of what appears to be an ear-like arrangement, twelve feet long, upon the blade of which the pies ride safely in and out. The custard pie has a special treatment. A sixteen foot pole has a vessel like a tea-kettle on the end, from which the crust-lined plates which are already in the oven are filled with the custard.

It takes 200 employees to prepare and send out daily 15,000 or 20,000 pies. They are delivered from forty-eight wagons, drawn by seventy-five horses. There are 300 barrels of granulated sugar used in a month, 800 barrels of apples, 600 barrels of flour, 150 tierces of lard, and, in cool weather 1,000 dozen of eggs a day, besides 1,200 to 1,400 quarts of milk.

One interesting feature at the bakery is the barrels of apple parings neatly kept and set aside. The secret of their use is found when it is discovered that they will eventually be made into store jelly and come out finally as currant, quince, grape, or any other flavor the public may desire.

A woman who claims to know all about it, says that in and around New York there will be 600,000 pies consumed on Christmas Day. If the same proportions held true with the rest of the land something like 9,000,000 of pies will be eaten by the nation on that day.

"WHO SOLD DOT COAT?"—A tall young man landed at the Union Depot, Detroit, with a bundle under his arm; and after three or four minutes spent in getting his bearings, he walked up Jefferson avenue and turned into a clothing store.

"Do you wish to try on some coats and vests for a dollar?" asked the proprietor, rushing from behind the counter.

"No, I guess not. Do you deal on the square?"

"My friend, dot is exactly what I does. I was so square dot I lose tree thousand dollare last year. Can I sell you an overcoat for ten dollar?"

"No, I guess not. Here is an overcoat that I bought of you four weeks ago."

"Bought of me?"

"Yes, I think you are the man. When I got it home we found that it was moth-eaten. I can pick it to pieces in a dozen places."

"Is dot bossible? Und how much you pay?"

"Eight dollare."

"My sthars! And what you vant now?"

"I want my money back."

"Vhell—vhell! My fren, I am sorry for you. You seem like an honest poy, and it vas too bad."

"Yes, it was a swindle, and I want my money back."

"Dear me, but I wish you vhas here yesterday! Let me explain to you. You bought dot coat four weeks ago?"

"Yes, four weeks to-day."

"Vhell, I had sold out to my cousin Philip shust von day before. Philip ish not a square man."

"What have I to do with Philip?"

"Let me explain. In tree days Philip makes assignment to my brudder Louis. Dot Louis is a leedle off. He would cheat your eye-teeth away from you."

"Yes, but I haven't anything to do with Louis."

"Let me explain. Louis kept der place a week, und he gif a sbattel mortgage to my fadder-in-law, and vhas bounced out."

"I don't know anything about that."

"Let me explain. My fadder-law vhas took mit a fit and died, and he leaf dis place to my wife. My wife vhas gone to Europe for two years, and she leaf me as agent. Now you see how it vas. I gan-not tell you who sold you dot coat. Maybe it was Philip, maybe Louis, maybe my fadder-in-law. It couldn't have been me, for I vhas in Shicago. If you leaf dot coat I will write to my wife. She is square, shust like me, and maybe she writes back dot you can take a linen duster and two vite vests and call it all right."

"Say, this is a swindle!" exclaimed the young man.

"Maybe it vhas. Philip vhas a great liar."

"I'll go to the police!"

"Vhell, dot is all right; maybe der police vhill help me catch Louis. I shust found out last night dot he cut all der hind buttons off all der coats in der store before he left."

"If you step outdoors, I'll mash you!"

"Vhell I like to oblige, but you see I vhas only agent for my wife."

"Well, you'll hear from me again, and don't you forget it!" said the victim as he went out.

"I hope so—I hope so. I like to make it all right. I vhas only agent for my wife, but I feel so square dot I take dot coat back for tree dollare if you vwant to trade it out in paper collars!"

THE PRACTICAL WOMAN—A young lady who was the recipient of attentions from two young men equally eligible in point of good looks, social position, and financial standing, and entertaining similar feelings of friendship for both, was in a quandary as to which to choose, should they propose.

A friend to whom she confided her difficulty suggested that she should put both to some test to prove the strength of their affection.

She took the advice, and to the first who avowed his affection said, "You tell me that you love me. How do I know that you are sincere? What would you do to show your love?"

"Anything," replied the ardent lover, who had a spice of romance in his disposition—"anything. I would go to the world's end for you; I would endure any suffering for you; I would die for you if necessary."

Such ardent protestations brought the blushes to her cheeks and a thrill of happiness to her heart, and she thought that certainly no one could love her more fondly than did.

She asked however for a little delay before giving him an answer to her suit. Meantime the other proposed, and she questioned him in like manner.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I would do to show my love for you. If you marry me, you shall have good clothes to wear—I will see that you are always the owner of a handsome sealskin, and that your hats or bonnets are always in fashion; and I will be a faithful, loving husband to you."

"But wouldn't you go to the world's end for me, or die for me, or any of that sort of thing, you know?" she asked, as she toyed with his coat-buttons.

"I don't want to go to the world's end," he replied; "I've got a nice good-paying business; and, as for dying for you, I'd rather live with you."

"Well," said she, as visions of the sealskin, fashionable bonnets, etc., flashed before her mind, "you can speak to pa."

CAUGHT.—Romieu, the famous Parisian wit, was one day caught in a shower, and forced to seek refuge in a door-way of the Opera-house. It was six o'clock already, and he held an engagement at the Cafe de Paris for that very hour. The rain fell in torrents.

There was no carriage to be had. He had no umbrella. What was to be done? While he was lamenting his bad luck, a

gentleman with a large umbrella passed by.

Romieu was seized with a sudden inspiration. He rushed out and grasped the stranger by the arm, and gravely installed himself under the protecting umbrella.

"I am overjoyed to see you," he immediately began. "I have been looking for you for two weeks. I wanted to tell you about Clementine."

Without giving the stranger time to express his surprise, Romieu rattled away with gossip and anecdote until he had led the unknown companion to the door of the Cafe de Paris. Then he glanced at him with a face of well feigned astonishment.

"Pardon, monsieur," he cried; "it seems I am mistaken."

"I believe so," said the stranger.

"The deuce!" added Romieu. "Be discreet; don't repeat what I have told you."

"I promise you."

"A thousand pardons."

Romieu hastened within the cafe and amid great laughter told the adventure to his friends. Suddenly one of them said:

"Your cravat is rumpled."

Romieu put his hand to his neck and turned pale. His pin, a valuable sapphire, was gone. On further examination his purse and watch were found to be gone. The man with the umbrella was a pick-pocket.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

LADIES RELIEF—Safe, Sure and Reliable; Fails never unknown. Cures all womb troubles, guaranteed. For particulars address The Electro-Chemical Battery Co., Richmond, Ind. Lady agents wanted.

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to the person submitting the most meritorious invention during the preceding month. WE SECURE PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that :

## It's the Simple Trivial Inventions That Yield Fortunes

—such as De Long's Hook and Eye, "See that Hump," "Safety Pin," "Pigs in Clover," "Air Brake," etc.

Almost every one conceives a bright idea at some time or other. Why not put it in practical use? Your talents may lie in this direction. May make your fortune. Why not try!

Write for further information and mention this paper.

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## Humorous.

## AT HAND.

Useless is the calendar  
When December's here;  
Takes but little reckoning  
To tell the time of year.  
Johnny's sudden willingness  
With chores at night and noon,  
Tell it, plain as print could do—  
"Christmas pretty soon."

Everybody's most polite;  
It's a perfect joy  
Now to meet the janitor  
Or elevator boy.  
Merchants more than gracious,  
All the town's in tune  
To proclaim the tidings,  
"Christmas pretty soon."

—W. S.

The dressmaker never is what she  
seems.

Horticultural phenomenon—A bush-  
man.

Legal—The case most easily got up—  
the staircase.

The greatest curiosity in the world—  
A woman's.

The poorest of all relations—Relating  
a good story badly.

The original son of a gun is supposed  
to have been a pistol.

The downward path—The one with a  
piece of orange peel on it.

If the doctor orders bark, has not the  
patient a perfect right to growl?

A gardener's wife made a pin-cushion  
out of a Spanish onion, but she found it  
brought the tears into her needles' eyes.

A morning paper recently had a personal  
addressed to an absconding cashier,  
which wound up with: "Don't ever return,  
and all shall be forgiven."

A correspondent asked if the brow of  
a hill ever became wrinkled. The editor re-  
plied: "The only information we can give on  
that point is that we have often seen it fur-  
rowed."

A little girl, when asked by her mother  
about suspicious little bites in the sides of a  
dozen choice apples, answered, "Perhaps,  
mamma, they may have been frost bitten, it  
was so cold last night."

Father (who has imbibed a prejudice  
against a liberal education): "I see you've  
been and put my son into grammar and  
jogaphy. Now, I don't want to make no  
preacher and no sea captain out of him, and  
these studies ain't no use. Give him a practical  
business education."

Johnny came in with one eye in  
mourning, a handful of hair gone, his face  
smeared with dirt and tears, and his clothes  
soiled and torn beyond description.

"You've been in another foot ball game, my  
son," said Mr. Tucker.

"No, I haven't, paw," indignantly answered  
Johnny, "I've only been a-fightin'!"

A police sergeant was boasting of the  
honesty that prevailed in his precinct.

"Why," he said, "you might hang your gold  
watch on a lamp post in the evening, and find  
it still there in the morning."

"You don't mean to say nobody would take  
the watch?" exclaimed the listener.

"No, I mean to say nobody would take the  
lamp-post," said the sergeant.

A man walking by an old graveyard  
in Aberdeenshire beheld, seated on a wall, an  
aged Highlander, with his head wrapped up  
in a shawl, evidently suffering from a bad  
cold on his chest.

"Good morning, Donald," said he; "you seem  
to be suffering from a bad hoast" (cough).

"Ech, sir," said the old man, pointing to the  
tombs; "but there's mony a yin ower there  
would be glad to ha' it."

A gentleman was chiding his son for  
staying out late at night, and said:

"Why, when I was of your age, my father  
would not allow me to go out of the house  
after dark."

"Then you had a nice sort of a father, you  
had," said the young profligate.

Whereupon the father rashly vociferated:

"I had a confounded sight better one than  
you have, you young rascal!"

One Sunday, as a certain Scottish  
minister was returning homewards, he was  
accosted by an old woman, who said, "Oh, sir,  
well do I like the day when you preach!"

The minister was aware that he was not  
very popular, and he answered, "My good  
woman, I am glad to hear it! There are too  
few like you. And why do you like when I  
preach?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, when you preach I  
always get a good seat!"

Landlady, deferentially: Mr. Smith,  
do you not suppose that the first steamboat  
created much surprise among the fish when  
it was first launched?

Smith, curtly: I can't say, marm, whether it  
did or not.

Landlady: Oh, I thought from the way you  
eyed the fish before you, that you might ac-  
quire some information on that point.

Smith, the malicious villain: Very likely,  
marm, very likely; but it's my opinion, marm,  
that this fish left its native element before  
steamboats were invented.

THE BIBLE TEXT AT THE DEATH OF THE  
YEAR.—The Sortes Virgilianae were a  
favorite mode of questioning the future.  
It was in the days when Virgil was held  
almost as inspired.

A number of persons gathered together  
and opened Virgil at random, placing a  
finger on a line without looking. This  
was then read, and was a prognostic of  
some event in the life of the seeker after  
mysteries.

In many parts of the world it is a cus-  
tom thus to consult the Bible as the clock  
tells the knell of the departing year. Each  
opens the Bible in turn and places a finger  
on a verse of course, without resorting to  
the aid of the eyes.

The texts are noted, and when all have  
concluded they are read. As with young  
ladies, a question of prime importance is  
whom each is to marry, the text is held to  
throw some light on the future bride-  
groom, or the weal or woe that is to attend  
her as bride and wife.

If she falls on a passage referring to Na-  
omi, Ruth or the widow of Naim, an early  
widowhood is prognosticated.

Should she light on a passage like, "I  
John, eat the book," her future lord is  
evidently to be a literary man, a devourer  
of books.

If her finger has pointed to some passage  
in Proverbs denouncing the folly of ex-  
travagance and riot, she will shudder at  
the prospect of a dissipated companion in  
life; but her heart will expand if the or-  
acle tells of the happy home, of the olive  
branches around the table, or the rewards  
of a pure and happy life.

SELF-DENIAL.—The value of self-denial  
does not reside in itself as an end, but  
only as a means to a higher state in which  
it is no longer needed.

For example, a greedy child needs care-  
ful training in habits requiring constant  
self-denial; but years pass, the habit of  
restraint is acquired, reason dominates,  
and in maturity he no longer finds the  
need of self-denial in this direction, for a  
more intelligent self-love prefers the pos-  
session of health to the indulgence of the  
palate. The right-doing that was once so  
painful has become pleasant.

So the child who wishfully snatches the  
property of his playmate away presently  
learns by teaching and experience the far  
higher enjoyment of justice and sympathy,  
and when he is a man it costs him no pain  
to refrain from snatching his neighbor's  
purse, although his desire for money may  
be stronger than the childish desire for the  
coveted plaything.

No right minded man or woman will  
ever say or do anything wantonly to in-  
jure the feelings of and inflict pain on any  
one, and especially on one who, from his  
position, cannot resent it.

"Honor all men" is the pregnant word  
of the Bible, and it means—Have correct  
and lofty views of every one with whom  
you come in contact.

View the person, however humble and  
however dependent, as a brother man or  
sister woman—with thoughts and feelings  
very much like yours, as one that can  
suffer and can be glad. Remember that  
here you often hold the cords of suffering  
or of gladness in your hand.

Quickens  
The Appetite  
Makes the  
Weak Strong.

**AYER'S**  
THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL  
**Sarsaparilla**  
Has Cured  
Others  
And Will Cure You.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs.

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Premier Artistes  
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VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOU-  
PEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of  
Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to  
measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. FOR WIGS, INCHES.  
No. 1. The round of the head.  
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.  
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They have always ready for sale a splendid stock of  
Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs,  
Frisettes, Braids, Curis, etc., beautifully manufac-  
tured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union.  
Letters from any part of the world will receive at-  
tention.

Dollard's Herbanum Extract for the  
Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold a  
Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are  
such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the  
demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to  
be used in conjunction with the Herbanum when the  
Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard  
& Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanum Ex-  
tract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to  
obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair  
in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.  
Oak Lodge Thorpe,  
Nov., 28, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanum Extract, or  
Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five  
years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly  
thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it  
in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best  
wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.  
TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.  
I have frequently, during a number of years, used  
the "Dollard's Herbanum Extract," and I do so  
know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing  
and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,  
LEONARD MYERS.

Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.  
Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail,  
and applied professionally by

**DOLLARD & CO.**  
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.  
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Em-  
ployed.

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On and after Nov. 17, 1895.

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Buffalo Day Express daily, 8.00 a.m.

Parlor and Dining Car. daily, 8.30 p.m.

Buffalo and Chicago Exp. daily, 8.45 p.m.

Sleeping Cars. daily, 8.45 p.m.

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.30, 10.00 a.m., 4.00  
p.m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p.m.

Rock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper)  
daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p.m.

## FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour  
train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a.m., 1.30, 2.30, 3.00, 6.10,  
7.25 (dining car) p.m., 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 6.10,  
7.30 a.m., 12.30, 2.30, 3.00 (dining car) p.m., 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 1.15, 4.00, 9.10, 10.15,  
11.14 a.m., 12.57 (dining car), 3.30, 4.45, 6.12, 8.18  
(dining car), 11.45 p.m. Sunday 3.55, 5.00, 10.15 a.m.,  
12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.05 p.m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 6.00,  
7.00, 10.00, 11.30 a.m., 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour  
train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45, 10.00 p.m., 12.15 night. Sun-  
days—4.30, 6.00, 10.00, 11.30, a.m., 2.30, 4.00, 6.00,  
6.00 p.m., 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars  
on night trains to and from New York.

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LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.00, 8.00,  
9.00 a.m., 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 6.30, 8.45 p.m. Sundays  
—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a.m., 1.00, 4.30, 6.32, 8.45 p.m. (9.45  
p.m. does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

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For Phoenixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.30, 10.00  
a.m., 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p.m. Accom., 4.30, 7.45,  
11.05 a.m., 1.42, 4.35, 6.22, 7.30 p.m. Sunday—Ex-  
press, 4.00, 9.05 a.m., 11.30 p.m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35  
a.m., 6.00 p.m.

For Reading Terminal, 8.30, 10.00 a.m., 12.45, 4.00, 6.00,  
11.30 p.m. Accom., 4.30, 7.42 a.m., 1.42, 4.35, 6.22,  
7.30 p.m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a.m., 11.30 p.m.  
Accom., 7.30 a.m., 6.00 p.m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.30, 10.00 a.m.,  
4.00, 6.00 p.m. Accom., 4.30 a.m., 7.30 p.m. Sun-  
day—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a.m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.30, 10.00 a.m., 4.00, 6.00,  
11.30 p.m. Accom., 4.30, 7.42 a.m., 1.42 p.m. Sun-  
day—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a.m., 11.30 p.m. Accom.,  
6.00 p.m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.30, 10.00  
a.m., 4.00, 11.30 p.m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a.m.,  
11.30 p.m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-  
days, 6.00 p.m. Accom., 4.30 a.m. Sundays—Ex-  
press, 4.00 a.m.

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Accommodation, 8.00 a.m., 4.30, 6.30 p.m. Sundays  
—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a.m. Accommodation, 8.00 a.m.,  
4.45 p.m.

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